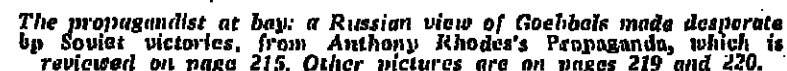


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Solidarity and servitude

By Eugene Genovese

HERBERT G. GUTMAN:
The Black Family in Slavery and
Freedom, 1750-1925
GG4pp. Oxford: Blackwell, £10.

Herbert Gutman tells us that this contribution to the swelling literature on the black experience in America originated with his doubts about the ill-fated Moynihan Report's attempt to link black poverty to the supposedly pathological effects of slavery and its aftermath on family life. The Moynihan Report, however, quickly succumbed to assault by a large number of scholars who demonstrated a vital community life among the slaves, including a decimated struggle to protect their families. Mr. Gutman's *The Black Family in Slavery and Freedom, 1750-1925* provides the strongest empirical support so far for this cumulative and collective effort by many fine scholars, who work, I regret to say, in flight, ignorance, and distort, rather than credence.

According to Mr. Gutman, blacks customarily and preferentially lived in two-parent households and displayed a deep concern for the institution of marriage and the parent-child bond. He points primarily through naming patterns, that Afro-American slaves elaborated an extensive and dense kinship network supplemented by systematic designation of fictive kin. This bare skeleton of Mr. Gutman's argument falls to convey the texture of the depiction, although the depth of feeling, moving human resilience, joyalty, integrity, and tragedy that emerge from the letters and sympathetic accounts he so lavishly quotes will come as no surprise to those familiar with the studies produced by a large community of scholars during the past decade.

Mr. Gutman's work adds important evidence to the record of Afro-American enslavement that emerges from the work of Sterling Stuckey, Lawrence Levine, Vincent Harding, George Rawick, John W. Blassingame, Kenneth M. Stampp, Winthrop Jordan, and many others. But he stretches thin the value of his own efforts in claiming that they constitute a model for the study of enslavement which overthrows everything preceding them. According to Mr. Gutman, his evidence

that slaves lived in families and were enmeshed in effective enlarged kin groups is not evidence that slaves were either "badly" or "well" treated. It instead redefines the context which shaped slave belief and behaviour.

From this perspective, all previous studies of slave society should be dismissed as having emphasized "treatment"—the action of masters, or the ruling class, upon some presumed blank slate of slave consciousness, and as thus having neglected the contributions of the slaves to the formation of Afro-American culture. By indiscriminately lumping together E. Franklin Frazier, Stanley Elkins, Stampp, and many others and then implicitly associating their different views with those of Fogel and Engerman, and by ignoring the work of such scholars as Stuckey, Levine, and Blassingame on black culture, Mr. Gutman establishes to his own satisfaction that the historiography of the slave builder can be dismissed as half-splashing over such apparently irrelevant questions as the specific social relations of production which characterized slave society.

Mr. Gutman, at his best, takes up a line of thought descending primarily from the great W. E. B. DuBois and developed in recent years in pioneering works by such diverse scholars as Amiri Baraka (LeRoi Jones), Levine, and Stuckey, none of whom prove worthy of notice in this book, which none the less builds on their achievement as all new work must. Particularly shameful is Mr. Gutman's vilification of Blassingame for asserting that, while falling even short of the considerable standards to be found in his discussion of the folk culture of the

heart of Mr. Gutman's own subject, has been a long time since an American scholar of some reputation chose to puff up his claims to an originality attainable only in Heaven and in the blarney of publishers by so denigrating the labour of his predecessors and colleagues. If only Mr. Gutman's cheek were at stake, no comment would be called for, and his performance might be dismissed as merely sad. At issue, however, are political and social questions not so easily turned aside. Amiri Baraka, Vincent Harding, and Sterling Stuckey, for example, have forcefully related their cultural studies to the problem of black nationalism. Yet, Mr. Gutman, whose analysis would seem to lend support to a nationalist interpretation, refuses to meet his elementary responsibility to offer an evaluation of the significance of his own work; he slips into silence, as he does on the political implications of every other part of his argument.

This book contains three discrete strands, which while interwoven in the text, must be disengaged for purposes of appraisal. It simultaneously invites recognition for its sensitivity to the oppressed and for its empirical work; discussion of its confused theoretical excursions; and censure for its polemical cast. Having set out to attack Moynihan, Mr. Gutman surrenders to the spirit of the enterprise and proceeds to attack almost everyone else who has written on the subject. I shall leave aside his distortions and caricatured presentations of my own work, which others have been rebuking him for, and rest on the confidence that those sufficiently interested will measure his attributions against what I actually wrote. But I must insist that his repeated characterization of so much good work by others as "reductionist" and as marred by "mimetic theories" of slave behaviour, reveals nothing so much as his search for straw men against whom he may counterpose his proclaimed revolutionary findings, and, more to the point, his striking failure to integrate his empirical research into the large body of scholarship on Afro-American culture and ante-bellum Southern society.

Mr. Gutman faced thorny problems

lems that confront all demographers and cultural historians. In time, and sorting out census schedules, birth records, and marriage registers, he pieced together evidence of family solidarity and widespread kinship networks. His demonstration of the common creation of fictive kinship bonds reinforces his insistence upon the importance of family ties to Afro-Americans. These findings themselves do not revolutionize an accepted picture of black life under slavery, but they do add welcome confirmation to an increasing consensus. Having demonstrated the existence of family units at different sized productive units, he then attempts to assess the impact of his empirical work. "Slave family connexion," he asserts, "became the primary—not the only—source of an adaptive Afro-American culture." He further emphasizes that these family bonds dated from the passage to the New World and therefore owed nothing to the culture of the masters. Slaves everywhere learned from other slaves about marital and family obligations and about managing difficult daily social relations. The family thus functioned, in the best Parsonian fashion, as the principal agent of "socialization".

Mr. Gutman never does tell us what he means by "socialization", and his implicit Parsonianism hardly does justice to Talbot Parsons. Mr. Parsons's severest critics could hardly fail to praise his effort to locate his sociological theory in specific relationship to economics and psychology. Yet Mr. Gutman discusses "socialization" divorced from any political economy and from any psychology of cultural transmission. Accordingly, the theoretical underpinnings of his book crumble at first touch. No wonder, then, that he arrives at the incredible conclusion that the slaveholders imparted nothing of importance to the culture of the slaves and indeed made no attempt to do so. (And so much for the Christianity of the slaves' magnificent religion, and its reflection in the marriage ceremonies Mr. Blassingame has wryly retorted, in a devastating review, that virtually

any contemporary document suffices to reduce this assertion to ashes. Mr. Gutman does not seem to notice that his thesis merely inverts the discredited sociology of Gabriel Tarde—which influenced U. B. Phillips—and falls victim to the same objections. Nor does he consider that, if his thesis were true, blacks necessarily could not have contributed much to white culture either. Still, if Mr. Gutman means what he says—if this extraordinary excursion is not just an attempt to provide some semblance of a thesis for a book that at bottom has none—then how can he invoke the authority of Ralph Ellison, C. Vann Woodward, and others who have argued the opposite for years, albeit without denying the specifically special character of the black element within the wider Southern culture? As Mr. Woodward wrote, in one of his most famous passages:

The ironic thing about these two great hyphenate minorities, Southern-Americans and Afro-Americans, confronting each other on their native soil for three and a half centuries, is the degree to which they have shaped each other's destiny, determined each other's isolation, shared and moulded a common culture. It is, in fact, impossible to imagine the one without the other and quite futile to try.

Mr. Gutman's theoretical confusion becomes especially embarrassing when he seeks the support of social scientists whose work he has apparently read only cursorily. Two examples may suffice. He repeatedly invokes the authority of Roger Bastide but draws only on one of his least solid books, *African Civilizations in the New World*, which is notoriously thin on North America and heavily dependent on Brazilian experience; to be useful, it must be read in the context of such other of Bastide's books as *Les religions africaines au Brésil*, which provocatively links religious development to political struggles, and *Sociologie et psychanalyse*, which suggestively explores the psychology of cultural transmission. By totally ignoring these and other American circumstances, an minor one, Mr. Gutman avoids the major questions at the core of Bastide's formidable life's work.

Similarly, Mr. Gutman frequently cites the authority of Sidney Mintz without once noticing that Mintz's cultural anthropology is a separable from the economic and political analyses that provide its vital context. As a result, Mr. Gutman frees himself to reduce Mintz's complex thought to a series of banalities designed to shore up a theory of socialization for which Mintz need not be held responsible.

The actual content or process of "socialization" receive scant attention. The complex process remains more a category in the social scientist's mind's eye than a series of conscious and unconscious subjective experiences. But Mr. Gutman is less concerned with the experience of maturation within a range of relationships and institutions—within, that is, a given culture—that he is with establishing that the slaves themselves indicated their young into the world. His insistence upon the family as an inherited and chosen, in contrast to imposed, human network betrays the most generous and important aspect of his work, namely, his commitment to an understanding of that human will, heart, and integrity which led the slaves to insist upon their own values and consciousness of themselves as human beings. The perspective of Mr. Gutman's generally praiseworthy defence of Afro-Americans' active participation in their own destiny moves him perilously close to asserting an impossible total autonomy for black culture.

Mr. Gutman assuredly recognizes the reality of enslavement. His attack on Fogel and Engerman prompts him to insist on the cruelty, and frequently actual, cruelty of the master class; as evidenced particularly by the breakup of slave families and the sexual aggression against slave women. None the less, against enslavement, Mr. Gutman posits the family. It seems to believe that because he can establish the relative independence of family origins from the "external stimuli" of the masters, he can assume independence of the slave family experience from the social texture of enslavement. If, at the very least, requires careful articulation. At issue is not only the love of slaves for each other, nor their preference for double-headed households, nor their extensive role in shaping their own—not to mention their masters'—culture, nor their creative and adaptive "adaptation" to their American circumstances. At issue is the continuing class struggle that shaped their existence from the start and that forged those "customary rights" about which Mr. Gutman writes without ever explaining their origins.

The corpus of anthropological, historical, and psychological literature dramatically demonstrates that family relations, even those of the fundamental biological unit—apart there remains some dispute as to whether it be a dyad or triad—can be arbitrarily divorced from either the social relations of production or from the symbolic articulation of perceived human experience. Including its relatedness to the divine. Mr. Gutman allows that African notions of family had to be "adapted" to New World conditions, but since he hardly mentions social relations of production and remains entirely silent about legal and political relations (Meyer Fortes's jural-legal realm), he abstracts family life from the day-to-day content of the lives of its members. Without attention to the economic, political, cultural and psychological content of family relations, the remarkable strength of the slave family and its attendant kinship networks falls prey to contradictory interpretations. For, although Mr. Gutman is probably correct in seeing the persistence of patterns as a testimony to the power of Afro-American culture, a less sympathetic student might argue that the persistence of the institution rather demonstrates the crippling effect of all enslavement. Why, then, did black experience not include a decline in prematernal pregnancies or the shift toward endogamy or a later age at first birth or a decline in birth rate, or distancing from kin, as the experience of more "successful" groups did?

The familial patterns of different groups, most obviously those in relatively "advanced" societies studied by historians, all seem to bear some relationship to the experience of work and to the transmission of property. Thus, Michael Anderson's study of kinship patterns among immigrant workers to Manchester during the nineteenth century stresses the determining economic motivation in the flux of family and kin relations. The expanding body of studies on the colonial families of North America focuses sharply on the transmission of property. The list could be extended indefinitely and would have to include the work of Lawrence Stone, Adeline Daumard, and many others. A bright galaxy of French Marxist anthropologists from Claude Méillassoux to Maurice Godelier has, whatever its internal quarrels, insisted on the economic content of kinship relations even in the most "primitive" societies. The narrow view of kinship studies, if it retains any weight at all, remains the preserve of a particular group of Anglo-Saxon anti-Marxist anthropologists, especially influenced by Radcliffe-Brown. It is this view that Mr. Gutman, apparently inadvertently, champions, without, however, responding to its critics or defending its specific theoretical content.

Meyer Fortes, certainly no Marxist, characterizes the "narrowly synchronic and sociological" interpretation as fixing

attention on the strictly structural components of kinship systems, seen from within. Analytically extraneous factors are set aside. This includes not only the biological parameters and psychological variables . . . but also such factors as the spatial contexts of residence and locality, the economic context of modes of livelihood or forms of property, and such hypothetical, final determinants as generalized reciprocity or exchange. There are no determinants, let alone prime movers, of kinship institutions extraneous to the central core of genealogical connection.

It says enough about Mr. Gutman's method of discourse that he calls on Meyer Fortes for ostensible support without once considering that this excellent passage, which does not find its way into *The Black Family*, demolishes the theoretical pretensions of his own viewpoint.

The sociological view of the family has left a deep legacy in American social science, including history, for it has encouraged a vision of the family as a refuge against capitalist society. This vision projects a private domain of intimacy and socialization that guards the individual against the worst brutalities of the outside world and provides a haven into which he or she can retreat—normally he, she being the husband. It is this vision, the pernicious effects of this theoretical tendency have been brilliantly criticized by Christopher Lasch in his

forthcoming book on twentieth-century theories of the family. Lasch observes, with particular significance, with this discussion, that no family can constitute such a haven; on the contrary, the family remains entangled with the prevalent social relations of production for which it provides fodder in the form of producers and consumers, as well as deeply engaged in all the cultural and psychological pressures of the larger society.

Among Marxist theorists, the most lively debates and deepest cleavages concern the relative weight and specific manifestations of economic relationships in the shaping of various social classes, societies, and cultures. Despite much talk of determination by the economy in the first instance, little "economism" remains. Increasingly, emphasis falls upon the full network of social relations of production, including their cultural, political, and religious expressions. This viewpoint allows for the possibility that in any instance cultural or political predilections decisively influence economic relations as narrowly defined. But, as Mary Douglas reminds us, scholars must always provide "a convincing demonstration of how cultural categories sustain a given social structure. It should never again be permissible to provide an analysis of an interlocking system of categories of thought which has no demonstrable relation to the social life of the people who think in these terms."

Finally, whatever else it may be, the category of thought and never more clearly so than when extended beyond blood relations. The meaning that informs the creation of Afro-American kinship networks cannot arbitrarily be separated from the larger social texture without doing violence to its own complexity. Furthermore, as a category of thought, as perhaps the most ancient code for the recording of human experience, the family can encompass changing meanings over time. Presumably, in an original, pure lineage society, kin relations and therefore their intellectual formulations, contain within themselves economic and political relations. But in most societies available to scholarly inquiry the political realm is analytically recognizable, and in most societies studied by historians economic relations are no longer fully coterminous with family relations. Some anthropologists, most notably Meyer Fortes, would argue that a distinct jural-legal realm intrudes into the family by way of this father, even in "primitive" societies. Thus, if individuals relate to each other through the family, families relate to each other through economic and political processes. Social relations cannot be reduced to domestic relations. If the family constitutes the basic human institution, it can no less remain a mediating institution.

Presumably, Mr. Gutman means to capture this mediating function

in his references to the role of the family in the "socialization" of the young. His assertion of socializing functions, however, fails to convince, for he never addresses the precise and complex nature of socialization. His data effectively reveal that young Afro-Americans generally followed the marital and naming practices of their parents, but his silence on religion, work, leisure, and other features of culture creates a void precisely at that juncture at which the data cry out for interpretation. Enslavement, on whatever size productive unit, implies an unusually explicit identity of the economic and the jural-legal or political realms. That such exploitation, however mediated by custom, the wage, or ideology, constitutes the foundation of all social relations of production, requires no elaboration. Nor does the proposition that least and political forms frequently reinforce the prevailing social relations of production. But such disengagement of the economic from the jural-legal, not to mention the political, disengages a little more social terrain for the independent interpretation of different classes. Conversely, the practical and ideological identification of political, legal, and economic power restricts the psychological options available to the exploited.

Afro-Americans displayed tremendous creativity and resiliency in protecting their own and in shaping a culture that insulated them against the brutalizing tendencies of their enslavement. But their methods and choices cannot be understood without an adequate psychological theory and political economy that lead and inform the concept to "socialization." For whatever the black family did—and it would be hard to overestimate its contribution—it did not exercise political power, and it exercised only the narrowest of economic options. As Mr. Gutman mentions, slaves could sometimes enforce their own rules as for example with respect to thefts among themselves. And, as I have argued in a recent book on slave life, if the slaves lacked control of the means of production, they none the less exercised a certain control over the process of production by defending their own notion of proper work. But Mr. Gutman is already in thinking that the independence and integrity of the slave's convictions and aspirations can be understood in isolation from an analysis of the contradictory effects of the power of the masters. He persists in divorcing power from the positive "socialization" effected by the slaves themselves and thereby reduces blacks and whites alike to wholly discrete entities.

Mr. Gutman's misguided polemics and aspirations to originality repeatedly trap him in impossible positions. His denial of a profound and lasting impact on black culture necessarily leads him away from a discussion of the slaves' religion, which surely contributed to the un-

derlying family ethic and which as a form of Christianity was clearly non-African in some essential respects. And again, it is hard to understand how he can at one point assert the autonomy of socialization and at another allow that "all masters poisoned the relationship between slave parents and their children." Now, if the masters did so, then that poison must have intruded itself into the innermost core of the socialization process itself—into the unconscious as well as conscious mental processes of the child. Once ensconced in the interstices of the personality, that poison must have found its way, through Mr. Gutman's very own "socialization", into the next generation, and the next, and the next. With enslavement, an amount of love could fully protect slave parents and children against the knowledge that no mother could be sure of protecting her child, and no father of protecting his family. That knowledge had to form part of the unconscious life transmitted from one generation to the next. Mr. Gutman could hardly deny as much without making a mockery of the terrible burden that slavery imposed upon black people. But alas, if their measure of autonomy could not protect them against such poison, so are we to believe that it protected them against the cultural influence emanating from the more generous impulses of the master class? The argument is hopeless.

The saddest part of Mr. Gutman's performance lies in his obtuseness that he has achieved the least successful and least useful work of Kenneth Stampp; but the forenoon that investigated its findings restored the confidence of the community and welcomed the slightly chastened clomericans back into the fold. Mr. Gutman might have learnt from this fine collective spirit and developed his own book without trying to walk over presumed corpses. Instead, by seeking to distance himself from the sound and sensible in the work of his colleagues so as to exaggerate his own claims, he merely—and predictably—spoils his own case.

In the end, Mr. Gutman reduces an entire complex of social relations of production to "treatment" and thereby juxtaposes the inescapable cultural texture of any experience of oppression to the creativity of the oppressed. By thus minimizing the pervasive dialectical tensions between masters and slaves in favour of the ostensible autonomy of the slaves, he merely postpones the day of reckoning; in the end, when the black family finally succumbs, it does so to just one more economic *dans ex machina*, the Great Depression. We are thus left with a theoretical reading that serves the honour of some generations by virtue of their resistance to the cultural extensions of economic exploitation and political domination, only to have to condemn their successors for an apparent failure to do as well in the face of a palpably less oppressive system of exploitation.

The study of slavery in the United States during the past decade has generated not merely the substantial renovation of a vital subject, but an unusual community of scholars. Rarely in the academic world does one find such a generous sharing of information—witness the extraordinary kindness shown to Mr. Gutman and the rest of us by Fogel and Engerman, who placed all their raw data at our disposal—such frequent exchange of ideas, and so much mutual respect notwithstanding the deepest ideological differences.

Times on the Cross tried the patience of this community with its pretensions to a scientific revolution and especially with its unilateralism. But the less unpalatable denigration of the work of Kenneth Stampp; but the forenoon that investigated its findings restored the confidence of the community and welcomed the slightly chastened clomericans back into the fold. Mr. Gutman might have learnt from this fine collective spirit and developed his own book without trying to walk over presumed corpses. Instead, by seeking to distance himself from the sound and sensible in the work of his colleagues so as to exaggerate his own claims, he merely—and predictably—spoils his own case.

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Brief Thoughts on Killing the Christmas Carp

One takes a mallet
and knife
and strikes
on the right spot so that it doesn't flap much, because
flapping brings complications and lower takings.

And the onlookers squint, admire the knack
and reach for their wallets. And the wrapping paper
is ready. And the chimneys are smoking.
And Christmas peeps from the windows, hugs the ground
and splashes in the barrels.

Such is the law of joy.

Only I wonder if a carp is the right creature.

Much better would be one
that, when lifted out, laid flat and held firm,
would fix its blue eye

on mallet, knife, wallets, paper,
onlookers, chimneys,
and Christmas,

And still manage
to spy something. For instance

This is my finest hour; my golden day.

Or
The starry heavens above me and the moral law within me.

Or
But it does move.

Or at least

Hallelujah!

Miroslav Holub

Translated from the Czech by Jarmila and Ian Miller



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By T. C. Worsley

FREDERIC RAPHAEL:
Somerset Maugham and his World
128pp. Thames and Hudson. £3.95.

Frederic Raphael contributes the latest in Thames and Hudson's small coffee-table series on well-known writers. The book is only 114 pages long but contains 110 illustrations. It will be seen that Mr Raphael is squeezed for space and has had to choose between a biographical sketch or an essay-length assessment. He has chosen the former and the life (in which we know there is a great deal of variety) is sharply etched in a dry, crisp, readable prose.

It is, of course, impossible even in so short a space not to make some kind of assessment, too, especially in a case which offers such contrary judgments. Ever since I have known such things discussed, Somerset Maugham has been a lively source of debate: Desmond MacCarthy placed him among the immortals; Edmund Wilson said: "I have never been able to convince myself that he was anything but second-rate." The difficulty lies in his sudden leap from a promising young highbrow writer to best-sellerdom, and though there are other artists in our day (Henry Moore, Arnold Bennett, Shaw, Picasso) who have made a fortune in their lifetime, Maugham's has not suffered for it in the same way.

Somerset Maugham set out to be during the war he was used as an agent, first in Switzerland, from which he derived his admirable Ashenden stories; then he was sent to Russia to try to help Kerensky with funds and official support. This mission as we know failed, and Maugham had to return to a sanatorium, having a slight touch of tuberculosis. On recovery he undertook a series of voyages round the world from which he derived his Far Eastern stories. Gerald Huxton was his constant companion, and Syrie divorced him in 1927. All this time his fame (it was more than a mere reputation) was growing. *Of Human Bondage* which was published during the war had a special success. It was

The next few novels and stories were not a success, but the type of a play of his at the Arts confirmed him as a promising new talent. And then suddenly success struck. Another of his plays, *Lady Frederick*, put on to fill a sudden gap, took the town. He became famous overnight and within a month or two he had four plays running simultaneously in the West End. The plays made him a fortune, but I do not think that by themselves they would have kept his name in the lists. The epigrams which were scattered about the Wilde and water, with a good deal more water than Wilde. The cynicism (which was real) was not sharp enough to hurt the society he attacked: he was more like Pope's spaniel, which civilly delivers a stinging bit of the game they do not bite. They do not in my view, revive successfully today.

But if they attacked society, they also brought him into it, and this for a time he enjoyed. He had been living in France during his intellectual spell but now he brought a house in Mayfair and instead of being the perpetual guest of rich acquaintances he was able to entertain and enjoyed it for a bit. He was not exactly a snob, but he needed the reassurances which being in society gave him. This did not just last long. He seems to have discovered late in his day the homosexual part of his sexuality, and his upbringing, being what it was, tried to conceal it. I thought such people shot themselves, one of his club friends remarked.

A clever, witty, companionable young American, Gerald Huxton, was the first of his loves. There were two disadvantages. Gerald was on the verge of the alcoholism which killed him when he was still very young. The other was that Maugham was having an affair with a young society woman, Syrie. Welcome, and they intended to marry. But in 1916 he went ahead with the affair and was gesturing *The Moon and Sixpence*, his novel on the subject. He then decided he must go to Tahiti to get

the local colour correct and though Syrie had just arrived in America, he insisted that the marriage must wait until after the Tahiti trip, and Gerald Huxton was the companion on this voyage. Nevertheless when he returned he did marry Syrie and got a daughter by her. All this must have been, consciously or unconsciously, good "cover" for his homosexuality.

He did not stay long with her: during the war he was used as an agent, first in Switzerland, from which he derived his admirable Ashenden stories; then he was sent to Russia to try to help Kerensky with funds and official support. This mission as we know failed, and Maugham had to return to a sanatorium, having a slight touch of tuberculosis. On recovery he undertook a series of voyages round the world from which he derived his Far Eastern stories. Gerald Huxton was his constant companion, and Syrie divorced him in 1927. All this time his fame (it was more than a mere reputation) was growing. *Of Human Bondage* which was published during the war had a special success. It was



Three circus monkeys, a nineteenth-century etching by Johann Adam Klein, reproduced with some thirty other illustrations in *Circus and Related Arts*, a catalogue of the collection at Illinois State University, by Robert Sakon (177pp. Bloomington, Illinois: The Scarlet Press, \$30).

The lineman's life

By John Lahr

GEORGE PLIMPTON:
Mad Ducks and Bears
421pp. André Deutsch. £3.95.

George Plimpton is a literary lion who has made a small industry out of cats, for a fleeting few minutes, playing quarterback for the Detroit Lions. To the Englishman, "the Lions" probably mean nothing: to the American it immediately conjures a behemoth bestiality who bang heads every autumn Sunday in a gruelling simulated war called football. George Plimpton was leader of the *Forb's* *Roman* football-romm litterateur, who has infiltrated the demi-monde of professional sports to try to pluck out their mystery. *Mad Ducks and Bears* is a further instalment of the literature of fandom, and Plimpton's swan-song, his football daydreams as well as an account of his relationship with two superb linemen, John Gory and Alex Karras—at the end of their long careers. (Linemen are the anonymous mass of people in the middle of the field who do all the dogwork.) But what also comes through his rather studied charm is something sadder and more American: the search for prophetic on the playing field.

Sports are as close as many Americans come to the sacred and football has attracted the largest number of true believers. Stadiums are the cathedrals where fans come to worship their muscular gods, whose actions teach the gospel of

far more realistic than his other novels and stories and was taken to be closely autobiographical, and it was on this work that his admirers were to make a special claim.

Mr Raphael on the whole eschews judgments. In his account of *The Painted Veil*, he talks in a well-chosen phrase of "the very highest recipe which Maugham can offer to those sentenced to the human condition". I rather suspect that he started out with the conventional intellectual view of Maugham but was gradually persuaded as he read his work that there was more to it than that. But how much more? His summing-up seems to me definitive:

He is not a great writer, but he is on the side of greatness... he found it hard to find or give love, but longed for it all his life. He was a commercial writer, but he knew that great literature is beyond price. He claimed to be only a storyteller, but craved Truth above fiction. He boasted that he had no illusions about his fellow man but, as Noel Coward tellingly

observed, he had just one illusion about them, that they are no good.

My own feeling about him is his characters, for the most part (Carrie in *Cakes and Ale* is an exception), just miss that elusive and mysterious quality that in top-notch novelists we call "style". His plots and stories are ingenious and enthralling, but one does remember them as one remembers the Touchéts or the Rustovs, as one day they had really been alive. He worked hard enough at them; place them in this dimension and I knew that it was by no means clear that it could be achieved. He almost made his simple as possible. Mr Raphael finds places where the ingenious idea that on one occasion Maugham is thinking: "I haven't, I must have some idea across such passages. What abundantly clear is that each sentence leads on to the following one, and each paragraph to the next. This is the born writer's gift. What does it matter? It matters. Character and Maugham's, as Mr Raphael clearly shows, was flawed.

On the breadline

By Gabriele Annan

HEINRICH BOLL:
The Bread of Those Early Years
Translated by Leila Vennewitz
123pp. Secker and Warburg. £2.90.

Walter Fendrich, a washing-machine maintenance man, is the first-person hero of this novella; twenty-three, Catholic, a virgin, and engaged to his employer's daughter, Ulla Wickweber. The story takes place in Cologne on a Monday in March during the early 1950s. Walter's father, a schoolteacher in a small town, has asked him to find a room for the daughter of a colleague who is coming to the city to train as a teacher. The moment Walter sees Hedwig he falls in love with her, both sexually and ontologically. In a semi-mythical flash he realises that she represents an alternative life—less tough and less materialist than life with Ulla. By the end of the day and after various vicissitudes, including Walter's farewell interview with Ulla, Walter and Hedwig are ready to elope. But the daughter of the colleague who is coming to the city to train as a teacher, the moment Walter sees Hedwig he falls in love with her, both sexually and ontologically. 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of the Central Committee of the Albanian Party of Labour.

The British and United States governments tried to use Albanian anxiety for recognition as a lever to force Hoxha to adhere to democratic norms. These efforts met with no greater success than elsewhere in Eastern Europe. In the case of Britain relations were further soured by the Corfu channel incident of the autumn of 1946 when two British destroyers were mined, with heavy loss of life, in Albanian waters. The Albanians subsequently refused to pay the compensation awarded against them by the International Court at The Hague.

British and American distaste for the Hoxha regime did not stop at simply withholding diplomatic recognition. For between 1949 and 1952 the SIS and the CIA were actively engaged in efforts to topple Hoxha through the infiltration of anti-communist émigrés. If the Hoxha regime could be destabilized, and perhaps overthrown, the theory went, then the same procedure might be applied elsewhere in Eastern Europe and the Iron Curtain might be rolled back to Russia's borders. Albania's museums contain numerous relics of these attempts at subversion, which have also been the subject of substantial tomes in Albanian as well as of a number of films. Destabilization failed in part, at least, because at a crucial juncture in the operations Kim Philby, the KGB spy, was appointed SIS liaison officer with the CIA for the project. Understandably enough, these efforts over the years have contributed substantially to Hoxha's paranoia about the machinations of United States and British imperialists.

This sense of isolation was further increased by Tito's defection from the Soviet bloc in 1948 to become as Mr Ash would have it, a client of the United States. In the immediate post-war period Albania had been a virtual ally of Yugoslavia but in 1948 Hoxha firmly aligned the Albanian Party of Labour with Moscow. For a time, however, it was touch and go whether he would prevail over the group led by Xoxe, whom Mr Ash dismisses as a Titoist agent, and who was purged and executed. Hoxha is now by Yugoslav "revisionists" to the north and east and by Greek "monarchofascists" to the south. Hoxha embarked on a ruthless Stalinist programme of industrialization and collectivization.

The winds of change in Eastern Europe following the death of Stalin, whose alignment had been to adorn many Albanian public squares, largely spared Albania by. But what Hoxha could not ignore was Khrushchev's rapprochement with the heretical Yugoslavia in 1955. It may well have been that one of Tito's conditions for rapprochement was the removal of Hoxha. What is certain is that Khrushchev now began to demand that Hoxha mend his fences with Tito and post-humously rehabilitate the "Titoist" Xoxe. The pressure to de-Stalinize mounted after Khrushchev's 1956 speech in Mr Ash's view "a fabrication of distorted documents" to the Twentieth Congress of the CPSU and Hoxha in the same year survived the first of a number of Yugoslav and Soviet inspired plots aimed at his overthrow. Mr Ash regards this refusal to de-Stalinize as being simply vindicated by the upheavals in Hungary in the autumn of 1956, which he sees as a counter-revolutionary uprising, an inevitable result of the decision to give free rein to "bourgeois ideology and culture".

To Albanian fears as to the consequences of de-Stalinization were added fears that COMECON's plans for the further integration of the country's economy with that of the rest of the Eastern bloc would have turned Albania into a holiday camp-market-garden for Eastern Europe, and meant the curtailment of her ambitious plans for industrialization and self-sufficiency in grain. Mr Ash goes on to say that Hoxha's "reactionary" attitude is in fact a "bourgeois" one, and that he, Mr Ash, told the Albanian leadership during a stormy visit to Tirana in 1959, eat more wheat in a year than the Albanians could ever hope to produce.

In his fight for political and personal survival, Hoxha was like his fellow-Stalinist Gheorgiu-Del in Romania, saved by the Sino-Soviet split. Albania's alignment with China, became increasingly apparent at international communist party gatherings, and in 1960 the increasingly virulent Sino-Soviet split was reflected in the Albanian leadership's decision to

Albanian parties gave way to open abuse. Hoxha denounced Khrushchev as "the greatest counter-revolutionary in the world", while the Russians countered by accusing Hoxha of packing the Albanian Politburo with his own relatives in the manner of the great Chinese leader. An instructive example of the close family ties of the party hierarchy is given by Mr Logoreci: Kudri Haxhiu, who has been in charge of the Fearsome Ministry of the Interior since 1954, is married to Mehmet Shkela's sister.

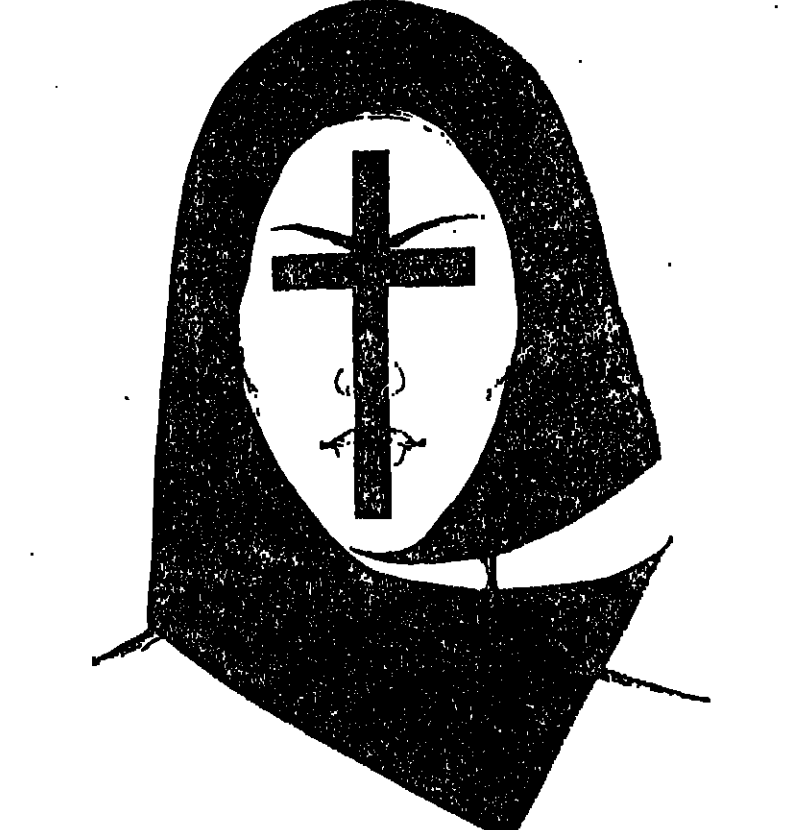
Diplomatic relations were broken in 1961 and the Russians began to try to bribe, and indeed literally to starve, the Albanians into submission. Aid and wheat supplies were cut off, technicians withdrawn, Albanian students expelled from the Soviet Union in the middle of their courses, while, according to some accounts, the Soviet withdrawal from the Vlorë naval base was accompanied by a shooting incident. But on this occasion "monarchofascist" Yugoslavia proved a barrier to direct Soviet intervention, although yet another unsuccessful anti-Hoxha coup was mounted in 1960.

The main emphasis of all three books is on the period after 1961. There is no question that Messrs Ash and Logoreci are the more judicious in their analysis of the official line does have its value in the study of societies as closed, not to say hermetically sealed, as that of present-day Albania.

"All culture is class culture" he confidently intones. "The fight against bourgeois and revisionist tendencies has to be never ending. Stalin was a staunch defender of socialism." "The freedom of Albanian society is firmly rooted in the real democracy of the mass line," and so on and so forth. He is, in short, unable to find any fault in contemporary Albanian society. Moreover, seeing ignorance of modern Balkan societies leads him into the error of attributing attractive features of Albanian society to the benevolent influence of Marx-Leninism when in fact they are endemic to Balkan society as a whole. He was enthusiastic about the "many family groups of grandparents, parents, children and even children's children walking, talking and taking refreshment together". This is not, he says, because of economic incentives counselling family to stay together but because of mutual love and respect. But such endearing spectacles are to be found all over the Balkans, where the extended family is as firmly rooted as it is in Albania and for the same historical reasons. In any case, what would Mr Ash make of Article 48 of the new constitution promulgated late in 1976, which firmly declares that "children are in duty bound to care for parents who are disabled and lack the necessary means of livelihood"?

Mr Marmullaku is more critical in his handling of the official material, although he, too, can sometimes go off the rails. He follows the Albanian historian Arban Puto in claiming that throughout the war the British Foreign Office "displayed cynical and hypocritical attitudes to Albania" and "always upheld Greek claims to Southern Albania". It was, however, precisely because the Greeks thought that the Foreign Office was upholding Albanian claims to Southern Albania that Eden's statement on Albania's post-war frontiers of December, 1942, provoked a major crisis within the Greek government in exile.

Mr Logoreci is the most critical of the official line. Both he and Mr Marmullaku have a keen interest in the Chinese Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution and on subsequent campaigns against bureaucracy, liberalism, and the oppression of women. The Albanian Cultural Revolution coincided with that of China and, as Mr Ash would have us believe, the two movements were "inspired by the same revolutionary spirit".



Anti-clerical, pro-feminist image from Die albanische Herausforderung by Gun Keesse and Jan Mordal (Frankfurt, 1971).

Marxist-Leninist principles, had conquered the same problems and, by applying the same mass line. It is clear, however, that the Albanian Cultural Revolution was essentially imitative, although, being carefully controlled from above, it was devoid of those genuine elements of spontaneity that at times led to events in China getting out of control. The party leadership's grip on events in Albania was apparent throughout, despite superficial similarities with the Chinese experience, e.g. the resort to the *struggle* or "struggle" in the Albanian equivalent of the "great character poster". These thunder-sheets are to be seen all over Albania, but the suspicious neatness of their calligraphy throws doubt on the extent to which they really do reflect the spontaneity of angry, uneducated crusades, according to Mr Logoreci they frequently amount to little more than selfish graffiti.

The Albanian Cultural Revolution was principally aimed at bureaucratization, that persistent curse of the Balkans, and at the survival of "feudal mentalities" by which the traditional means of religion, hindering modernization. At a stroke the number of government ministries was reduced from nineteen to thirteen, while in the space of a few weeks all forms of religious practice were declared unlawful, all places of worship, totalling over 2,000, were closed, and all religious functionaries prohibited from exercising their office.

Albania thus became the first wholly atheist state in the world, the result, Mr Ash predictably, but unconvincingly, argues, of adherence to the mass line rather than to the application of a tough atheist policy from above. Since 1967, however, there have been numerous indications that the authorities continue to be worried by the attachment of the Albanians by masses to their traditional religious beliefs. Religious holidays have been replaced by "Miners' and Printers' Days" and other proletarian festivals, although Mr Marmullaku reports that absenteeism is widespread in the Orthodox Church during Easter week. Although the regime claims that it has never needed to employ administrative measures against believers, preferring instead to employ ideological persuasion, not least the late Patriarch of the autocephalous Albanian Orthodox Church is reported to have died in prison in 1975, while in the same year Catholic priest Father Stefan Kuraj was shot, allegedly for "treason" towards women. It is interesting to note in connection with this campaign "to strengthen socialist democracy in the family" that Edith Durham's Albanian interlocutors some seventy years ago were horrified by the continued refusal of

certain British universities to grant degrees to women. Such discrimination, they maintained, was "unjust, unreasonable and uncivilized".

The books of Messrs Marmullaku and Logoreci have much of value to say about the Albanians' drive for industrialization and the mechanization of agriculture and about Albania's foreign relations. In Albania, as elsewhere, industry and foreign policy are inextricably linked, sometimes with curious results. For instance, the indigenous product, spun and woven in Korea and the finished product is then exported to Cuba. Since 1961 it is clearly Albania's relationship with China that has been of paramount importance. In the 1960s Chinese aid, in the form of credits, machinery and technical assistance was instrumental in enabling the Albanians to resist Soviet attempts to bully them into submission. The actual extent of Chinese aid to Albania is difficult to quantify, although according to Mr Ash it has never amounted to more than 10 per cent of Albania's external trade. It is clear that in the 1970s the Chinese presence in the country has been considerably reduced and there are reports that the Chinese have cut off further aid for the giant steel-mill now in the course of construction at Elbasan.

Although the Chinese connection has been instrumental in enabling the Albanians to withstand Soviet bullying it is a serious misrepresentation to consider Albania as an obedient client state. Indeed a certain coolness has crept into Sino-Albanian relations in recent years. It is clear from an important recent article by D. G. Fontana that the Albanian leadership had considerable sympathy for Lin Biao and his advocacy of struggle on two fronts, against Soviet social imperialism and United States imperialism. Unlike the Chinese, the Albanians do not subscribe to the view that Soviet militarism constitutes the gravest threat to world peace, and that therefore a temporary tactical alliance with the "lesser contradiction", the United States, against the "greater", the Soviet Union, is justified. They consider United States imperialism to be quite as much a threat as the Soviet kind and that the two superpowers are in active collusion to divide the world between them and to trample on the rights of small nations.

As a consequence Tirana does not share Peking's belief in the value of NATO and of a united Europe as a counterweight to Soviet power. The Kissinger/Nixon exercise in ping-pong diplomacy clearly caused considerable alarm in Tirana and Nixon's visit to China was scarcely mentioned in the press. Albania's official sympathies manifestly lay with the radicals in the power struggles following Chou En-lai's death early in 1976 and there must clearly be considerable alarm at the trouncing of Chang Ching and the radicals after the demise of Chairman Mao. Although the new Chinese leadership has gone on

record as saying that China's policy towards Albania remains unchanged, none the less some kind of future Sino-Soviet rapprochement could leave Albania in a very exposed position.

The cooling in the Sino-Albanian entente has been paralleled by a concerted effort to mend fences with her neighbours. The Warsaw Pact invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968 clearly came as a considerable shock to the Albanian leadership and forced it to some extent to come out of its self-imposed isolation. Although Tirana has not slackened her polemics against Titoist revisionism, relations a state level with Yugoslavia have greatly improved and Hoxha has publicly gone on record as saying that the Albanians are prepared to fight shoulder to shoulder with the Yugoslavs should the Russians be tempted to impose Brezhnev-style pavlovian internationalism on Yugoslavia.

It is a reciprocal gesture of good will the Yugoslav authorities believed to hand back Albanian escapes. In 1971, too, Albania agreed to exchange ambassadors with the Greece of the "black fascist" Colonels, thus ending a technical state of war that had lasted for thirty years. More recently, the Albanians have showed themselves not to be opposed root and branch to Mr Karamanlis's proposals for increased inter-Balkan cooperation (Albania doctored to participate in the January, 1976, Balkan "Summit" in Athens on the no unreasonable grounds that the Bulgarians were mere stooges of the Soviet Union, but showed an interest in increased bilateral contact).

Relations between Albania and both her immediate neighbours are complicated by minority problems. The huge Albanian minority in the case of Yugoslavia and the much smaller Greek minority in southern Albania in the case of Greece, together with Greece's traditional claim to "northern Epirus", a substantial piece of southern Albania, are the least valuable part of Mr Marmullaku's book. His lengthy section on the Albanians of Yugoslavia, who constitute some 12 per cent of all the Albanians living in the Balkans. Moreover, the Albanian minority in Yugoslavia is much larger than that of the other national groups of Yugoslavia: their birth rate is extremely high, as it is among the Albanians of Albania, whose population has doubled since 1945.

Mr Marmullaku is remarkably frank about the separatist agitation in the Kosovo during the 1960s, but he attributes to the head of its security police, Aleksandar Rankovic, who was disgraced in 1966, the argument that constitutional change and concessions to Albanian civil autonomy, including the foundation of the University of Prishtine, in the late 1960s or early 1970s, have taken much of the steam out of the separatist movement. He may be right, but recent arrests of separatist agitators indicate the extent to which the problem of Kosovo remains a threat to Yugoslav unity. When Albania of Greece renewed diplomatic relations in 1971, Greece appeared to shelve indefinitely her claims to northern Epirus. It is known about the dispute of the Greek minority in southern Albania, perhaps some 50,000 strong, but does appear to enjoy a reasonable degree of cultural autonomy. Schooling in Greek is permitted in the lower levels of the primary school, books continue to be published in Greek, and a weekly newspaper, the *Luiko Vima*, is published in Gjirokastra. Fears have been expressed that a recent decision requiring that given names conform to ideological and ethical norms, aimed particularly at the Greek but there is no real evidence as to what this is the case. Any serious campaign to divest the population of names of religious significance would clearly have to start at the very top, with "Muhammed Shenu".

For all their differences, a perspective Albania and the Albanians, Pirkaze and Rife and the Albanians are indispensable to a understanding of the Albanians to force a society in which more is made compulsory. For all its institutionalized godlessness, a society is not wholly secular. It is a society in which the religious and the secular are intertwined though it may be, lacks the underlying which a more systematic and more generous survey of the sources would provide.

Moreover, Pascal's use of what his translator terms "a singularly vivid, almost anecdotal style" in

Moreover, there are aspects of Albanian society that should appeal to those of a political persuasion. Tribunes would doubtless derive comfort from the fact that the differential between the highest and lowest wages is officially stated as being not more than two to one, and that students and white-collar workers are obliged to spend 2 per cent of each year in factories or fields. Young Conservatives could take heart from the fact that Mehmet Shenu has gone on record as attacking "the petty-bourgeois levelling of wages which restrains and withers the creative initiative of the broad working masses". Fundamentalist Tories could derive considerable comfort from official slogans such as "without exports, there are no imports", and from the continuing and forcible attacks on parasitical bureaucrats, over-education, and a limited amount of tourism is permitted to visitors prepared to travel in tightly organized and comprehensively shepherded groups, most of which, in fact, consist of affluent Western Marxists-Leninists on pilgrimage to the promised land. One aspect of contemporary Albania, however, which cannot be lost on even the most naive and ignorant visitor is what Mr Marmullaku calls the total preparedness of the entire country for a defensive war. Clearly an attack from whatever quarter it came would meet the most vigorous and effective resistance; as Byron said of the Albanians in *Childe Harold*, "where the foe that ever saw their back?"

Given that the Albanians are so fiercely opposed to Soviet expansionism might not this be the time for Britain, if not the United States, to re-open diplomatic relations with them after thirty-two years of diplomatic ostracism? The Foreign Office has no doubt displayed by Albania's intransigent refusal to pay the damages awarded against her over the Corfu channel incident, while the SIS's deep involvement in schemes aimed at the overthrow of the Hoxha regime has hardly endeared Britain to the Albanian leadership, which still retains a touchingly old-fashioned faith in the machiavellian power of British imperialism. Yet thirty years after the Corfu channel incident, and in the face of the increasingly menacing Russian presence in the eastern Mediterranean, it would surely make sense for the two countries to exchange ambassadors. How the Albanians would view such a proposal must remain uncertain, at least on the British side, at least, it would appear that the Corfu channel question is the pre-text rather than the reason for the lack of any rapprochement. Might the real reason be that Britain simply cannot, in these hard economic times, afford to open a new embassy? The pound, it seems, has collapsed even against the lok.

One question to which at the moment it is impossible to find a coherent answer, either outside the

Peasant piety

By Sergei Hackel

PIERRE PASCAL

The Religion of the Russian People Translated by Royan Williams 130pp. Mowbrays. £2.95.

The religion of the Russian peasant—so much admired by Slavophiles and their successors—poses many problems. How orthodox was their Orthodoxy? How modified by pagan strains? Inhibited by idle ritual practice, or distorted? How Russian rather than Byzantine? Questions like these require carefully considered answers, based on scientifically conducted fieldwork. As yet, no single book provides them.

The articles on the subject which Pierre Pascal published originally in 1947, and which are republished here with minimal revision (following the French edition of 1973), hardly do more than whet the appetite. The translator's foreword, notes the Professor Pascal "carries his great erudition very lightly". Would that it were not so. The same author's magnificent *Avvakum et les dévots du Rasoul* (1938) amply demonstrated that scholarship does not preclude vivid presentation. Yet *The Religion of the Russian People*, vivid and stimulating though it may be, lacks the underlying which a more systematic and more generous survey of the sources would provide.

Moreover, Pascal's use of what his translator terms "a singularly vivid, almost anecdotal style" in

country or within, is the degree to which Albania is indeed as truly a socialist state as the propaganda argues. A truly egalitarian society must surely encompass downward as well as upward social mobility. Upward mobility there certainly is. The son of a peasant can become a dentist. But does the son of a dentist ever look over a peasant? I suspect that despite all official protestations to the contrary there exists something closely approximating to an Albanian "new class", although doubtless it maintains a lower profile than elsewhere in the communist world.

Convincing answers to these various imponderables could be gained only if the Albanians allowed free and unrestricted access to their country. At the moment this is not the case, nor has it been since the communists took over. A strictly limited amount of tourism is permitted to visitors prepared to travel in tightly organized and comprehensively shepherded groups, most of which, in fact, consist of affluent Western Marxists-Leninists on pilgrimage to the promised land. One aspect of contemporary Albania, however, which cannot be lost on even the most naive and ignorant visitor is what Mr Marmullaku calls the total preparedness of the entire country for a defensive war. Clearly an attack from whatever quarter it came would meet the most vigorous and effective resistance; as Byron said of the Albanians in *Childe Harold*, "where the foe that ever saw their back?"

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MAJOR ACADEMIC VIKAS JOURNALS, 1977

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The last of Lord Gomorrah

By Richard Osborne

LEWIS CHESTER, DAVID LEITCH
and COLIN SIMPSON:

The Cleveland Street Affair
236pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson,
£5.95.

My Lord Gomorrah sat in his chair
Sipping his costly wine;
He was safe in France, that's called
the fair;
In a city some called "Doo-line"
He poked the blize and he warmed
his toes,
And, as the sparks from the logs
arose,
He laid his finger beside his nose—
And my Lord Gomorrah smiled.

He thought of the wretched, vulgar
fools
Of his fæderation [sic] joys,
How they lay in prison, poor scape-
goat fools,
Raw, cash-corrupted boys,
While he and his "pals" the
"office" got
From a "friend at Court", and were
off like a shot,
Out of reach of Law, Justice, and
that "rot".
And my Lord Gomorrah smiled.

The penultimate line needed more
work, but it was a good poem that
The North London Press printed
that autumn of 1889. "Lord
Gomorrah" was Major Lord
Arthur Somerset of The Blues, third
son of the eighth Duke of Beaufort,
superintendent of the Prince of
Wales's stables and assistant
equerry; known to the Prince and
his friends as "Podge". Podge,
having been given time to reflect
on his misdeeds, was sent to
the Continent and thirty-seven years
of exile. It was rumoured then—and
he did little to dispel the rumour
—that he had been guilty of a
loyalty to the throne, fearing that,
if he faced the music in England,
he would be forced to reveal that,
in addition to the two sons of dukes
involved (himself and Lord Euston,
heir to the Duke of Grafton), the
elder son of the Prince of Wales,
Albert Victor, Prince "Eddy", was
a regular client of a male introduc-
tion house and brothel just west
of the Tottenham Court Road.

Charles Hammond, who ran the
house in Cleveland Street (No 19,
now absorbed in the private patients
and X-ray departments of the
Middlesex Hospital) got away, first
to the Continent and then to
America with his family. His tickets
and kit had clearly been paid for,
through Newton, the solicitor, by
Podge. The young man, Allies, who
had been a servant at the Marl-
borough Club, had been accused of
stealing there, sacked and then
helped by Podge to find temporary
accommodation at No 19, was now
living with his parents in Sudbury
and getting regular postal orders
from Podge. The police lure him
away and kept him in a café in
Houndsditch to use as a star witness
as soon as they could get a warrant
to arrest Podge. Newton, the solicitor,
who, with Podge's subsidies,
tried to get several of the boys of
No 19 out of the country and to
Australia, himself eventually went
to prison, though for nothing to do
with this case. The editor of
The North London Press went to
prison. So did a self-styled cler-
gyman and the older boy, Henry New-
fore, who had acted as pimp to
provide the younger boys for the
brothel.

It had all started when money
was found to be missing at the Cen-
tral Telegraph Office in St Martin's
Lane. A telephone boy had been
seen to be carrying more money
than he was paid for, and, under
questioning by the Post Office
police, he admitted that he had
been earning five boys on the
side by going to bed with gentle-
men at 19 Cleveland Street. The
gentlemen gave him a sovereign,
he gave that to Mr Hammond and
Mr Hammond gave him five bob.
There were other telephone boys
in it, recruited, generally after a
preliminary seduction in a lav-
atory, by Henry Newfore, clerk
in the GPO Secretary's office.

William Stand, editor of The Pall
Mall Gazette, Henry Labouchere,
MP and editor of Truth, and Ernest
Parker, editor of The North London
Press, all got on to the story. It
was suspicious that the Rev
George Jackson, vicar of St George's,
Southwark, had been a client of

had had such a quick trial and re-
ceived such minor sentences, nine
months and four months, both with
hard labour. A real clergyman, who
had only recently been convicted
of the same sort of thing, had not
lost his job. In the case of Vock and New-
fore it looked as though people up
top were trying to sweep things
under the carpet.

The police wanted the Foreign
Office to press France to send
Hammond back for trial, but the
Foreign Office (Lord Salisbury was
foreign secretary as well as prime
minister) didn't press hard enough.
The police wanted to arrest Lord
Arthur when he came back from
France to attend his grandmother's
funeral at Badminton. But they
could not get authority to get a
warrant. Attorney General, solicitor
general, lord chancellor and prime
minister... they all seemed to be
abroad, or on the Isle of Wight,
or shooting grouse ten hours away
from any telephone office. And the
Prince of Wales, by personal letter
to the prime minister, by dis-
creet prodding through his private
secretary (Knollys) and controller
(Probyn), was pressing for the
matter to be taken up quick and
dropped quick. Lord Arthur's
honour would be vindicated and the
scandalous press silenced.

As rumours proliferated, Lord
Arthur's friends in London went
through the copybook motions of
their class, showing in their loud
loyalty to him, their disbelief in
his innocence. He was greeted by
cheers and handshakes at the Marl-
borough and Turf clubs.

But when, one night at Knights-
bridge Barracks, Lord Arthur did
not show up to dine, his brother
officers raved up to his room think-
ing he must have taken the honour-
able way out with a revolver. He
had, in fact, packed and levanted
on sudden long leave. Much later
—this was after his return for
his grandmother's funeral—Lord
Arthur, who would otherwise have
been cashiered, was certainly given
time by the authorities to sort out
his papers and see his resignation
from the army honourably gazetted.
Then he skipped for good. The
Prince of Wales, accepting at last
that the man had shown himself
guilty and must be mad, asked the
prime minister for an assurance
that, if Lord Arthur had occasion,
in the future, to come quietly back
to England to visit his parents in
the country, he would not be
arrested on that foul charge. Mean-
while, just as well to keep Prince
Albert Victor ("Collar and Cuffs"),
first in line to the throne, on state
visits to Greece, India and other
welcoming shores.

Two years ago seven envelopes
of Cleveland Street material,

The fate of a fantasist

By Arthur Calder-Marshall

DONALD THOMAS:
The Marquis de Sade
214pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson,
£5.95.

In the lunatic asylum of Charenton,
towards midnight on Saturday,
December 2, 1814, the seventy-four-
year-old Marquis de Sade stopped
breathing. He had been expecting
two visits on the following day. One
was from a priest. (The Abbé Dubois
had been excommunicated in 1805 to
hear that the blasphemous marquis
had taken the Holy Sacrament as
London society had been in 1803 to
hear that Charles James Fox had
been married before to his mistress
Mrs Armistead.) The other was
from the seventeen-year-old
Madeleine with whom he antici-
pated an evening of "libertinage"
complete as that which he had
enjoyed on the previous Wednesday.
We do not know which visit he
would have enjoyed more.

In death he was as enigmatic as
he had been in life, and has since
remained. During his lifetime, he
was regarded as a monster, Gilles
de Rais redivivus, a whoremonger,
a flagellant, a poisoner, an orgiast,
the seducer of young girls, even
lucustiously of his sister-in-law.
During the ancien régime he was
imprisoned by King Louis XV for
brief periods for outrageous
behaviour, and for years by his
brother-in-law, the Duke of

hitherto restricted, were opened to
inspection at the Public Record
Office. H. Montgomery Hyde, with
these and with many other private
papers put at his disposal, fur-
thered the Marquis of Salisbury,
the Duke of Beaufort and the Duke
of Grafton, wrote, and W. H. Allen
published last year, The Cleveland
Street Scandal (reviewed in the TLS
of March 12). The book under re-
view here, The Cleveland Street
Affair, by three of the "Insight"
journalists of The Sunday Times,
was commissioned at the same time
by Weidenfeld and Nicolson and
finished at the same time as Mr
Hyde's book. But its publication
was held over when it was known
that Mr Hyde's book was coming
out.

Mr Hyde's book is longer than
this new one. It has an index,
which this one ought to have. It
has many more illustrations. The
"Insight" team, as might be ex-
pected, are more journalistic, more
discursive. They give, for instance,
pages to précis of a porno-
graphic book allegedly written, but
not about this case, by "Dublin
Jack" Saul, a male prostitute whose
evidence and bearing in the trial
of Parke revolted almost everybody.
They quote more extensively from
the more vivid parts of the boys'
testimony under police questioning.
(It is interesting, from the point
of view of language, to see that
sort of thing described by boys too
young to have learnt the evasive,
obscure and/or medical words.)
The "Insight" team give as facts
some items which Mr Hyde more
scrupulously left for conjecture.
They are very readable, too.

I wonder when we shall have this
case on television. Soon, I hope.
It is a juicy story, full of goss-
p. No women involved much,
though Podge's sister comes out of
it well. Podge's father had been,
in his day, a notorious lecher, and
added (as apparently was Lord
Salisbury's brother-in-law, Lord
Grafton, later Lord High Chamber-
lain, former lord high commis-
sioner to the General Assembly of
the Church of Scotland) to
sympies. He got his "unripe
fruit" from Madame Marie of Con-
duit Street.

The marriage of one of Podge's
elder brothers had bust up when
his mother-in-law found him mis-
conducting himself with a footman.
Another brother, by the way, was
the Prince of Wales's entourage at
the Tranby Croft gathering for the
Doncaster races the year after the
Cleveland Street affair. Podge's
commanding officer, Colonel
Montagu of The Blues, was the
nearest thing to a lover that Prin-
cess Alexandra, faithful to a
magnificently unfaithful husband,
allowed herself. Cleveland Street

cuchet. On July 2, 1789, from his
cell in the Bastille in which ironically
was called the Tower of Liberty, he
wrote to his mother, the Marquise
de Sade, the most stormy letter in
the world, using as loud-hailer a large
futile meant for emptying
chamberpots. But when the chap-
ions of liberty twelve days later
got round to freeing the jail-
population (which numbered seven
prisoners), Sade had been removed
to Charenton as a dangerous charac-
ter. He regained his liberty only
after a general amnesty.

The sexual outrages which he had
committed before the Revolution
had been nostalgic rather than for-
ward-looking. Uneasy in the Enlight-
enment, he mined for the days of
the Spanish Inquisition, when tort-
ure on earth was designed to free
souls from the torments of the
damned in Hell. He would have
made a happy inquisitor.

He was a monarchist in the ar-
tistic sense. He hoped the French
Revolution of 1789 would repeat
the English Glorious Revolution,
whose centenary had been cele-
brated a year before. He became
Citoyen Sade, secretary of Section
des Arts, and member of the
National Guard and a pamphleteer,
advocating a democratic monarchy.
He published his *Justine*, or the
Misfortunes of Virtue anonymously.
Relaxation of the censorship enabled
him to make public his private
fantasies. Understandably, his most
violent attacker was Restif de la
Bretonne, the writer of normal
erotica. Sade's *Justine*, and even
more *The 120 Days of Sodom*,
written in the Bastille, and as he
thought lost in the Revolution, were

not written to rillate readers. They
were literary enlargements of fan-
tasies which he had enacted in
his private delights.
The popularity of *Justine* at the
time of publication lay in the dis-
covery by many "revolutionaries"
of the sexual satisfaction of acts of
violence, sanctioned by the slogan
Liberty, Fraternity, Equality. De Sade
was repelled by public orgies prac-
tised on innocent people, which so
vulgarized his own celebrations
with whores who, even if unwilling,
were paid for their pains. He was
outraged morally, as much as he was
financially by the expropriation of
his properties and the burning of
his château at La Coste.

The next turn of the screw was
even more painful. Robespierre,
like Sade, a product of Jesuit educa-
tion, initiated a more refined terror
in the name of "the Supreme
Being". Executions rose from a
hundred a month to two hundred a
week. Suspicions of guilt became
bases for conviction. Suspects were
tried individually but in groups.
Sade was condemned to the guillo-
tine as one of a group of twenty-
eight. He escaped execution only
because prisoners were scattered
through so many convents turned
into prisons and there were so many
candidates for execution that the
guillotine could not cope.

His *Philosophy in the Boudoir* and
The New *Justine* took on a new
dimension. Sexually as perverse as
he, they were denunciations of the
tyranny of republicanism (and so,
for posterity, of all totalitarian
tyrannies, communist, fascist or
personal).

itself had been named from the
Duchess, Charles II's mistress,
whose son by him, the first Duke
of Grafton, married the heiress to
Tottenham Court Manor.

Podge, "in exile" and desperate
for a job, tried to offer himself,
as Master of the Horse or equivalent,
to Abdul II ("the Damned") of
Turkey. He wrote to his go-between
friend, Reginald Brett, later Lord
Essex, "I don't fancy the Sultan
would have any prejudice about
homosexuality, would he?"
(Abdul, in the *Vildix Palace* alone,
had 370 women and 127 eunuchs at
his beck.) But Podge found that
Turkey had a thirteenth agreement
with England that meant he would
be within the grasp of the English
courts there. Asquith, future Liberal
prime minister, was junior counsel
for Parke when Lord Euston had
him up for libel. The case seems to
have been very badly handled

by Parke's defence. The great
society lawyers surface, as in all
good scandals of that period:
George Lewis, Charles Russell, and
Newton Minnow, an up-and-coming
young fixer with offices just oppo-
site Marlborough Street Magistrates'
Court. Podge received an anonym-
ous letter, in a suspiciously fast-
fied handwriting, from SW1 and on
paper suspiciously like HRRH's, say-
ing, "Don't add treason to bestial-
ity", which Podge took to mean
"Don't now come back and shop
Prince Eddy".

Poor Prince Eddy, born prema-
turely, half deaf, a bit stupid, had
had a go of VD and was a great
worry to his parents. Recently, a dis-
crepant theory has been put for-
ward that Prince Eddy was Jack the
Ripper. It was a relief to all when
he died and left his fluncheon and
the future throne to his younger
brother.

In his *The Marquis de Sade*
Donald Thomas considers De Sade
as a dual personality, a handy way
of dealing with so slippery an ael.
Maurice Heine and Gilbert Lely
with their delving into documents
prepared the way for this very read-
able and readable book which
sets De Sade's adventures in the
context of the aristocratic and
republican vices of his age. His
critical assessment of Sade's books
is that the excesses which make for
their popularity as pornography are
literary blemishes as tedious as the
long-winded philosophizing. The
most completely successful works of
literature are to be found among
the short stories.

Of *The 120 Days of Sodom* he
writes: "The novel is at its most
effective in the setting and the
anticipation of the threatened
horror... it collapses into bathos
when the threats are realized".
Final chapter "The Devil's Dis-
ciple" is devoted to Sade's possi-
ble influence. Himself the creator
of extravagant fantasies, he has be-
come the creature of fantasies which
he would have repudiated whether
dreamed up by the Surrealists or
the Moore murderers. His conclu-
sion is that the pattern of his per-
sonality is unlike anybody else's.

There is a large number of illu-
strations (for which no list is given).
Many obscure, none erotic, they
genuinely illuminate the text. Try-
ing to find one by Rowlandson, I
turned to the index, only to de-
cover no mention of Rowlandson,
cover no mention of Rowlandson,
and seven entries under A out of
alphabetical order.

"The Old Nurse and her Pets, or the Female Penitentiary": an ink and
watercolour drawing by Thomas Rowlandson to be offered for sale by
Christies at King Street, St James's, on March 1. The central figure is
Mother Windsor who was notorious for the brothel she kept just off
King Street, at No 4 King's Place.



A. LANDSBOROUGH THOMSON:
Half a Century of Medical Research
Volume 1: Origins and Policy of
the Medical Research Council
328pp. £4.60.
Volume 2: The Programme of the
Medical Research Council
412pp. £10.
HMSO.

The Medical Research Committee
came into being in 1913 in the kind
of way that is described with inex-
plicable complacency as characteris-
tically British. When Lloyd George's
National Insurance Act became law
in 1911, it became clear that the
drain on the public purse would be
reduced if the burden of illness and
disability were itself to be dim-
inished. What more natural than to
support medical research by a
levy (of one penny) on each per-
son registered under the National
Health Insurance scheme. To ad-
minister these funds—£55,000 in the
first year—a Medical Research Com-
mittee came into being, to become
a Council when it received its Charter
in 1920. The Council enjoys a
high measure of autonomy: it is
not a governmental department and
its employees are not classified as
civil servants. The Council has as
much in common with both Civil
Service employees and university
staff. The Council now works, of
course, in the closest possible asso-
ciation with the Ministry of Health.

Sir Landsborough Thomson, the
Second Secretary of the Council for
the past twenty years, has now
written a "domestic bio-
graphy" of the MRC. This is a well
recognized literary genre—one in
which a relative or close friend says
everything that is nice about the
subject with no mention of wars,
regrets for what might have been.

But why should the domestic
biography of a semi-governmental
research agency interest anyone out-
side its past or present member-
ship? For two reasons. I suggest:
in the first place the MRC ranks
with the Max Planck Gesellschaft
as the most successful research
agency in the world, with a flair
for subsidizing research that is
genuinely the envy of comparable
research-funding agencies else-
where, the visits of whose represen-
tatives to the Council's offices to
find out "how it is done" are
among the Council's well-recognized
administrative burdens.

A second reason for special satis-
faction with these volumes is that
they are admirably well done, with
the kind of synoptic grasp of admin-
istrative problems and day-to-day
business which, again with undue
complacency, is taken for granted in
our public servants.

Because it deals almost wholly
with administrative matters, the
first volume is likely to try the
patience of all except those with an
unhealthy interest in administrative
minutiae, but it is redeemed by the
distinction of the writing and the
intrinsic interest of its subject. We
able and readable book which
sets De Sade's adventures in the
context of the aristocratic and
republican vices of his age. His
critical assessment of Sade's books
is that the excesses which make for
their popularity as pornography are
literary blemishes as tedious as the
long-winded philosophizing. The
most completely successful works of
literature are to be found among
the short stories.

Addison's philosophy of research
administration is especially rele-
vant at a time when misguided
advocacy has brought it about that
research is being treated as if it
were a branch of the retail trade.
It is a great pity that the whole
problem of the degree to which the
discovery and invention can be pre-
meditated has not been made the
subject of a combined administra-
tive and philosophical investigation.
No philosopher better qualified to
widely held in Whitehall than the
scientists make their discoveries and
procure the advancement of learn-
ing by the use of something often
referred to as the "scientific
method". No philosopher pronounce

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SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW
YORK, N.Y. POSTMASTER: THIS PUBLICATION
IS SENT BY AIR MAIL TO THE UNITED STATES
AND CANADA.

The exploratory process

By Peter Medawar

mont could cause more surprise and
disarray than the revelation that no
such thing as the scientific method
exists. Scientists use a wide variety
of exploratory methods, not one of
which makes it logically possible
for discovery to be premeditated.
An example borrowed from Sir
John McMichael will make this
clear. From the earliest days of the
renaissance of surgery it became
increasingly clear that no advance
in medical science could be more
useful than the discovery of a pro-
cedure to make human flesh trans-
parent, so that anything amiss
inside the body could be clearly
seen before surgical invasion. The
idea of a customer's putting out to
tender a contract for making human
flesh transparent differs not in kind
but only in degree from the absurd
from the kind of research contract
that is sometimes envisaged today.
Yet, impossible of solution though
it sounds, the problem of making
flesh transparent was in fact solved
by the ordinary processes of sci-
entific research, costly and untidy
though they are.

The history of science and of the
great research institutions has
shown over and over again that it
is the unworried and impractical
daydreamer with his head in the
clouds who thinks that research can
be successfully prosecuted on the
consumer/contractor basis, and that
it is the down to earth, no-nonsense
practical-minded man of affairs (a
Rockefeller maybe) who stands up
for fundamental research—for the
support, that is, of research that
will underpin practical
everyday medicine ten or
twenty years' thence. It was in this
spirit that the great Rockefeller
Institute was founded and it was
in this spirit that the Medical
Research Council began. The Rocke-
feller Institute has just celebrated
its seventy-fifth anniversary and it
was a model upon which the Council
based its own principal research
institutions, the National Institute
for Medical Research at Mill Hill.

The danger of the Whitehall sci-
entific method is that it is based
indeed so a scientist's failure to
solve a problem put to him could be
due to incompetence or laziness
—either he simply did not know the
method or he was too lazy or indif-
ferent to carry it out. If it has been
realized in time that no such thing
as a calculus of scientific discovery
can exist, even in theory, the sci-
entific profession might have been
spared some of the maladroitness
of administration that has been based
on the supposition that discovery
can be premeditated. One cannot
but hope that the everyday medicine
of fifty years' time will not turn out
to have been seriously impoverished
by this philosophic misconception
of the exploratory process.

Thompson's second volume deals
for three most parts with research
in this that will appeal to the
worker at the bench. The MRC has
a number of most important ac-
complishments to its credit—includ-
ing the sponsorship of what has
been described as the most impor-
tant scientific discovery of the
twentieth century, the elucidation of
the chemical structure of deoxyri-
bonucleic acid (DNA); the interpre-
tation of how genetic information
is encoded and of the molecular
basis of the coding itself. The im-
plications of this discovery and
other discoveries of comparable
status will pervade medical think-
ing for the rest of time. Because of
these advances, almost every medi-
cal discovery that will ever be made
will be made just a little sooner
than would otherwise have been the
case. It is possible, though, that
when a medical historian looks
back on the MRC 100 years
hence he will say that its
most enlightened and unexpected
act was to promote in many
centres the style of investigating
animal behaviour that is now every-
where called ethology. I believe that
this to ethology we must look for
the eventual rehabilitation of psycho-
therapy.

I did not look for mistakes in this
volume, and did not come across
any by chance. The second volume
discloses a remarkable synoptic
grasp of the research activities of
the Medical Research Council, and
the possession of this grasp, by
someone whose duties must of
necessity have been mainly admini-
strative is explanation enough, per-

haps, of the Council's remarkable
success.
Nothing promotes recruitment
like success, and it is undoubtedly
the success of the Medical Research
Council and its reputation for being
an enlightened employer that has
led to the recruitment into it of a
scientific and administrative staff
of unusual ability. The former, for
example, include ten Nobel prize
winners, most of whom won their
awards on the hoof as members of
the Council's staff and not before
they joined it. From the stand-
point of social history one of the
most interesting characteristics of
the Council's staff has been the
recruitment into it of a high pro-
portion of women scientists and
administrators—a straightforward
and basically self-interested recog-
nition of their equal proficiency in
matters of administration and re-
search which could have been made
to realize that the Official Secre-
tary Act withholds any such errors of
judgment from public knowledge.
One cannot but regret, nevertheless,
that Sir Landsborough's great know-
ledge of administration and of
scientific medicine should not have
been turned to an analysis of how
such mistakes come to be made and
how best they can be prevented
from recurring. Florey did not

philosophy and art of scientific
administration. Although no one
would guess it from a perusal of
these volumes, the Medical Research
Council, being staffed by human
beings, has made some serious mix-
takes in the course of its history.
Conversations with Professor H. W.
Florey left me in no doubt that the
"high-ups", as he called them in
his characteristically sardonic way,
genuinely understood the theo-
retic promise of such preparations
as penicillin and streptomycin and
gave undue importance to the pure
organic chemicals of which Karl
Laudenbach's sulphonamide was the
shining example, perhaps on the un-
acknowledged grounds that the last
word on medications of an indeter-
minate organic origin had already
been expressed in *Macbeth*, Act IV,
Scene 1. But Sir Landsborough is
a good natural servant not
to realize that the Official Secre-
tary Act withholds any such errors of
judgment from public knowledge.
One cannot but regret, nevertheless,
that Sir Landsborough's great know-
ledge of administration and of
scientific medicine should not have
been turned to an analysis of how
such mistakes come to be made and
how best they can be prevented
from recurring. Florey did not

specify which "high-ups" he was
thinking of, but I can guess.

The credit side of the ledger is
quite close written, though: the
MRC's support of ethology has
already been mentioned, but its
greatest triumph, and that which
has earned for the MRC the kind of
respect and gratitude the United
States Public Health Service earned
for keeping research in Europe alive
after the war, was its initiative and
continuing support in the promotion
of molecular biology. The Council's
energetic support of virology at a
stage when the so-called filter pass-
ing organisms were still thought of
as curiosities also earned nine out
of ten for prescience. In my
opinion the mistakes that have been
made by the MRC are not the result
of constitutional defects but rather
the consequence of insufficiently
anxious awareness of the fallibility
of prediction, of whether these are
predictions that certain advances
will occur or that they will not.
Unfortunately the deeply hier-
archical structure of the medical
profession in Great Britain en-
courages "high-ups" to attach and
to expect others to attach a far
greater weight to their opinions
than they are capable of bearing.
Things are changing fast though,
so perhaps an analysis such as Sir
Landsborough might have under-
taken on the basis of his own
period of service with the Council
would soon go out of date, and
this would be a pity because con-
sidered as history (it was not in-
tended to be philosophy) what he
has written is of permanent value.

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Reading in depth

By C. H. Sisson

DAVID WRIGHT:
To the Gods the Shades
152pp. Manchester: Carcanet. £3.90.

One day towards the end of 1948, David Wright walked on the north coast of Cornwall and did not throw his poems into the Atlantic. The book which had this narrow escape was *Poems*, published by Poetry London in 1949, dated on the dust-jacket 1948, marked on the inside "first published in 1947", and which had been in the hands of the publisher since 1943. At least one copy bears an inscription of the 1970s, "Bum this", as if it might finally purge the offence—at the hands of somebody other than the author.

This revision from a first volume, which does not quite result in a new collection, is partly comedy; but, partly, it is evidence of the obscure and persistent drive which has produced one of the best, though relatively neglected, poets of our time. Wright was born in 1920, so the young man who dedicated his poems to Tambulutu was twenty-three. Hardly surprising that he should shock the same young man, at twenty-eight, since the intervening years had been given to a slow groping towards lucidity. There was so far as one can make out, no sudden, dogmatic conversion, but a patient feeling for the elements of the real in the haze of words in which Wright's talent first manifested itself. He justly discredited "apocalypse" of the 1940s.

There is no survivor from this first book in the new and collected poems now presented in *To the Gods the Shades*. Those who are acquainted with the almost buried work of the early and mid-1940s, and Wright's second collection, *Ward Stories* (1954), will understand why. The contrast between these two manifestations is very marked; there must have been intervening poems which tried to utter, in the face of fire or water, the words of the clouds have lifted, the speech has become plain; not, however, with the flatness which sometimes passes for plain speaking in that quantity of 1950s verse which has only the low tension of ordinariness, but with a plain poetic language, which is something different, and bearing a much heavier load. It is as if the original direction of the poet's mind, fixed by wonder at the extraordinary, had not changed, but the poet had discovered as he looked through the apocalyptic verbiage, that it pointed straight at the real world. Perhaps this continuity of purpose, under a change of method, accounts for the trace of irony in the poet's denial of his beginnings.

In fact, Wright is not a poet who seeks to deny his beginnings at all. Born in Johannesburg, of old settler stock on his father's side and Lowland Scots on his mother's, he came to England as a result of an illness at the age of seven and was brought to England at the age of fourteen in search of an education which was about to say, and perhaps it is after all the best way of saying it—would make the most of his disability. He has often been back to South Africa for family reasons, but for brief visits only, and the South African scene appears in the later as well as the earlier

poems of this collection. It is part of a richly complicated personal scene which includes Italy and Portugal and, in recent years—and very importantly—what Wright persists in calling the country of Cumberland and Westmorland; as well as the scene of wartime and immediately post-war London, where Wright drank his beer quietly among the buzz-bombs and made his way, an attentive and visual listener, among his educators in Solio—painters, and poets, drop-outs and soldiers on leave. The things seen and people known of that period haunt him still, as in a fairly recent elegy:

The summer of pitiless lights,
Of search-lit nights and soft,
When once upon a scar
Together we ran out
So in hip-reading one actually
focuses one's attention on a speaker's eyes rather than on his mouth, reading below the line as it were the enunciation of his mood.

The most obvious visual clue to the emotion qualifying the spoken word is the expression of the eyes. So in hip-reading one actually focuses one's attention on a speaker's eyes rather than on his mouth, reading below the line as it were the enunciation of his mood.

There is this quality of reading in depth, as it is called, about all the lucidity. Observation of people, birds, and the natural world at large, animate, and what is called inanimate, in which the poems in this book are so rich: water in a mountain stream "flipping over like a fish as if it were alive", or himself in the early years in "So timid as a shellfish and unloved".

There is in all this a mind which is humane to the point that it discards instinctively anything in the way of theory or ideal which threatens the integrity of the observation. Wright is too much a man of continuous development—as my earlier of any complexity must be—to accept the moment as isolated from the scheme of past and future, so that his mind is always at its digestive task of relating the thing seen to things seen already, though he carries the pleasure of the present moment as far as it can be carried without losing this mark of what we are.

If evidence were needed that much more than the ear—the touch, the sight, the pulse itself—enters our perception of rhythm, including the rhythm of speech, this book would prove it. Of course no poetry is valid without rhythm and generally, when we open a book of contemporary verse, the flaccid words betray the author's pretensions and tell us we need not read further. But here, to dip almost anywhere for anyone who has a taste for language close to speech, but nourished by the surest and most unpretentious of English traditions—the line from Chaucer and his contemporaries to the world of Clare, Clough and Hardy. If there is a touch of rhetoric here and there, it is peripheral to the main movement of the verse, and is progressively shed.

A French writer says: authenticity is, now, the only luxury. It is this luxury which David Wright's book offers, and the reader who once gives himself up to the deep, quiet pleasure which is to be got from his poems is likely to form an addiction.



One of the many illustrations from *The Dragon* by Charles Gould and others, edited by Malcolm Smith (104pp. Wildwood House, Paperback, £2.50). *The Dragon*—the greatest of history's "intermediate creatures"—figure in the mythology of almost all nations, and various powers are attributed to them. This book examines the dragon's various appearances in classical and medieval European forms, as well as the Chinese and Japanese versions. Originally dragons were seen as winged crocodiles with serpent's tails and the words for serpent and dragon were sometimes interchangeable. The elephant appears to have been its earliest "natural enemy". The dragon was always thought to be of great size. Ephraïm related that "in Mauritania there were dragons of such extent that grass grew upon their backs". A special function of the dragon was that of watching or guarding, for example in the account of the golden apples of the Hesperides. In

its Chinese appearance the dragon guards all the areas of life, and is resident in all parts of the earth. In its true shape (appropriated to himself by the emperor) it has five claws on each of its four feet.

St George's struggle with the dragon is a Christian interpretation of a theme that has many earlier examples. There is no single preferred version, but in the most usual form, St George rescues the captive princess by fixing the dragon to the ground with his lance and killing the monster. "I pass her girdle round it (the dragon) and fear nothing." When this was done, the monster followed like a docile hound. A very similar story became attached to other saints and heroes of the Middle Ages, such as St Secundus of Asti, Gazo of Rhodes, Maor of Moorholl, and the Knight of Lumbion or "John that slew ye Worme".

Living off centre

By Mary Stewart

MICHAEL BUTLER:
The Novels of Max Frisch
175pp. Wolfe. £5.

A Peace Prize from the German book trade and serious suggestions that he be nominated for a Nobel Prize indicate that Max Frisch, the Swiss novelist and dramatist, deserves a critical attention which he has not previously received in this country. Michael Butler's new study of his novels, "The first full-scale investigation in English", is thus a very welcome venture and gives a considerable way towards a satisfying text as problematic as his are rewarding. Though intended for both general reader and specialist, it is a study which will greatly aid the former; there are gratifyingly few concessions to the usual neat commonplaces of Frisch criticism and a substantial amount of stimulating, intricate analysis. Merely absent above all is the general heavy stress on Frisch's concept of *Bildnis*; though this clearly represents common ground between the dramas and the novels, it belongs in the simple programmatic form of its usual statement, surely only to the former. What Frisch's novels offer, as Dr Butler successfully shows, is a subtly differentiated and coherent journey

through the experiments and subterfuges of the individual's search for, or resistance to, essential identity. The evidence of Frisch's novels belongs in the mainstream of twentieth-century German narrative.

Nevertheless this needs perhaps some qualification, most particularly where repeated stress on Frisch's irony invites comparison with such authors as Thomas Mann. "The Frisch holds an irony in the ironist's armoury is undeniable, but it is debatable whether irony is of the essence of his narrative art. Novels such as *Stiller* and *Homo Faber* are certainly in an overall sense ironic constructs; in each case an individual sets out to prove a claim and in and through that very process unwittingly reveals facts about himself which are diametrically opposed to that claim. Herein lies much of these novels' power to entertain and move as well as to involve and disturb, and Frisch the novelist has learnt well from Frisch the dramatist: this is "dramatic" irony of the highest order.

Frisch's voice is a plea, however far from individual realization, for openness, readiness to admit change and development—something, so some of the weapons in the ironist's armoury is undeniable, but it is debatable whether irony is of the essence of his narrative art. Novels such as *Stiller* and *Homo Faber* are certainly in an overall sense ironic constructs; in each case an individual sets out to prove a claim and in and through that very process unwittingly reveals facts about himself which are diametrically opposed to that claim. Herein lies much of these novels' power to entertain and move as well as to involve and disturb, and Frisch the novelist has learnt well from Frisch the dramatist: this is "dramatic" irony of the highest order.

With 'lo, 'twas, e'en and fain

By E. R. Norman

BRIAN W. MARTIN:
John Keble
Priest, Professor and Poet
191pp. Croom Helm. £6.50.

To say that this book is chiefly valuable for its negative evidence about John Keble's literary importance is not to be dismissive. Brian W. Martin has done his job well. His research among the available manuscript sources, and his analysis of his subject's own writings, disclose professional qualities of the highest order. His purpose is to identify the reasons why Keble's poetry has not lasted; he is also concerned to restore Keble's importance as a critic. Almost at once, however, the ground begins to give beneath the weight of his own evidence. "It is certain that Keble's Christian poetry had considerable effect on Wordsworth's later work," Mr. Martin writes. And in another place: "Although Matthew Arnold dominated the critical stage in the latter half of the nineteenth century, it is little realized how much his ideas owe to Keble." Reassessments like these do rather stretch the imagination a little. It is almost as if Mr. Martin is trying his hand at Keble's own doctrine of "Reserve"—in holding back the truth because the minds of the vulgar are incapable of recognizing it.

Keble's literary accomplishments, whatever the extent of their vogue with churchgoers in the last century, are just not in the same class as Wordsworth's or Arnold's. Compared with their capabilities, Keble's literary skills look as if they fall off the back of a chair. Poetry, in other words, is not his natural medium. He looked back to the classical poets as exemplars of truly great qualities, and his lectures on poetry at Oxford—delivered, in Latin, when he held the Chair of Poetry—were a careful distinction between "poets of Primary rank" and "poets of Secondary rank". Yet somehow he managed to get almost everybody into the wrong category. The poets of his own day, with the exception of Wordsworth, were all regarded as secondary men. Only Sir Walter Scott was elevated to the "Primary rank". Keble, that is to say, provides his own evidence as to his own limited understanding of poetic taste.

His great work, *The Christian Year*, published in 1827, was made thirty-five, went through almost five editions in his lifetime. These poems, intended as devotional accompaniments to the Book of Common Prayer, are characterized by a precise use of archaic language. The pages are sparsely decorated with "thou", "thee", "you", "fain", "lo", "twas", "e'en" and so on. These terrible simulations of Cranmer's English, intended to be read aloud, have offended contemporaries. Keble himself seems to have been unaware of the extent to which his poetry was a rustic parody on the great poets of the day.

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It is only too easy for modern critics to sneer at that sort of thing, and the plain truth is that this type of verse does evidently require some further special qualities of appreciation. But it comes as a surprise to learn, from Mr. Martin's researches, that contemporaries of Keble's, who had some claims to serious literary taste, do seem to have praised it.

Perhaps, at this point, Mr. Martin is less critical of his sources than he should be. The evidence for educated appreciation of Keble's verse comes from private letters written to Keble—surely the writers were exercised by a courteous and no doubt embarrassed kindness in their assessments? It comes as no surprise, however, to find Bishop Westcott as among the authentic admirers. Westcott's solemn liberal beliefs have for decades guaranteed him a place in the pantheon of approved Anglican luminaries of the nineteenth century. His intellectual judgment, as it happens, embraced rather sympathetically, and this is nowhere better demonstrated than in the claim that a work of Keble's was "worth volumes of Tennyson".

Mr. Martin goes to great lengths to elicit a coherent body of ideas about Keble's theory of poetry. Here his work is at its most impressive. Keble's ideas, alas, despite Mr. Martin's sympathetic treatment, are scarcely impressive at all. In Mr. Martin's words, "for Keble, aesthetics were allied to morals: what was beautiful was good and was of God". And what was "beauty"? It was, predictably, "the most glorious signs and sounds of nature" (Keble's own words), and, of course, the contemplation of old abbeys at sunset, and such other rustic contrivances of tempered aesthetic historicism as usage conventionally regarded as elevating to the human spirit. Like most bourgeois romanticism, Keble had a vicarious horror of industrialization. He believed "that mountainous districts are more favourable to the poetical temper than unvaried plains, the habits of the country than those of the town, of an agricultural than a commercial population". Keble was not a theory of poetry at all, but a discreetly sentimental rendition of popular taste. His "beauty" was all gunners and water-meadows with lowing cattle. It is hardly necessary to remark on the relativity of all this; nor to add that Christianity is not an affair of emotional elevation, but of intellectual enlightenment and expressions of cultural seriousness.

It is, on the contrary, an inherited account of the nature of God and his operations within human history, brought in, explicitly, redemption in the person of Christ. Its truth does not depend upon any literary experience inspired by the contemplation of cows in water-meadows (still less, perhaps, by the paraded qualities of humanity, which is the contemporary equivalent, the present means by which Christians appear to derive their emotional uplift). Poor Keble: he knew this, too. His distinguished contribution to the theological outlook of the nineteenth century, his *Tracts*, bear adequate witness to that. His poetry should have been left to die quietly in obscurity. Mr. Martin's great drawback is the success of his own scholarship. He has unwittingly

revealed just how awful Keble's verse was, and how slight his grasp of even the most elementary canons of literary criticism. Keble has also left a monument in stone to the taste of his time, and a wider significance it may possibly be in his having held back a few who might otherwise have joined the zealots on the steep slope that leads to Rome. He may also have given the Prayer book a renewed lease of life: his own archaic language, however much it may have suffered by comparison with the genuine article, at least helped to preserve the notion, in popularized taste, that old forms of English were peculiarly appropriate to the expression of religious ideas. Is it true that Keble's poetry declined in esteem because the public gave up reading religious poetry of any sort? That is Mr. Martin's opinion. "Now, when people are not familiar with the Church of England's formularies and also do not know its liturgy, it is impossible for Keble's poetry to live in the popular mind". That is a generous assessment, which avoids further painful considerations of the real quality of the verse itself.

Yet Keble's poetry had a spiritual utility for those for whom it was actually written. In this it may be compared with the paintings of Holman Hunt. Since Keble's religious standard-bearer of the Pre-Raphaelites (especially after the others had begun to go in for all sorts of discreditable hanky-panky), Hunt's religious paintings were in fact the most genuine and most successful of the Pre-Raphaelite canon. They are expressions of an intense spiritual experience—some of the pictures took years to complete, until Hunt was sure they were theologically right. Today, they are easily dismissed as artifice, but they are, in fact, simply derisory. They are, however, still appreciated by the public—as religious pictures, as icons. Keble's poetry was a verbal attempt at the same thing. They do not, unfortunately, still make the faith of ordinary people explicit. That is the difference.

The practical theorist

By Aubrey Newman

DAVID WEATHERALL:
David Ricardo
A Biography
201pp. The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff.

David Ricardo stands out among the political economists of the early nineteenth century as the one who had the fewest obstacles to overcome, who had achieved fame with the least difficulty, and whose reputation as a theorist has survived. He has still the reputation of having been the founder of modern economics, while those desirous of searching into either his life or times have available a mass of personal and background documentation which must be nearly unparalleled.

Much could be made of his inheritance from his family background. His great-grandfather Samuel Israel (not yet Ricardo) was an Italian-born Jew of Spanish-Portuguese ancestry who moved from Leijhorst in Amsterdam, his grandfather Joseph Israel Ricardo was an Amsterdam stockbroker who graduated from a share in the contract to supply money for the use of British troops on the continent in the Seven Years War to a director of heavy investment in British Government funds; his father Abraham Israel Ricardo was sent to London by his family initially to supervise investments there and eventually became a "denier", founding a family of his own there. They were all observant Sephardi Jews, and Abraham was not only a member of the Bevis Marks Synagogue but was four times elected warden of the Synagogue. He was equally prominent and successful in his secular life; he became one of the twelve "Jew Brokers" and in 1785 he was appointed Trustee of the new Stock Exchange. On his death in 1812 he left an estate of £25,000 to be divided among his children.

With that sort of background it might have been expected that David Ricardo would have been given a head start in his career. In fact, however, he was a little apart from his character, to his family. At the age of twenty-one he married out of his family's faith and married a Quaker. Thereafter he was cut off from his family and from his own Jewish community. He was reconciled to his father's own fortune was the result of his own economic activities and his own judgment of the ways in which the price of government funds would move. His reputation in politics owed everything to his willingness to move outside of his family's faith, while his reputation as an economist was based upon a severity of economic interpretation which alienated the gentleness and affability of which all who knew him spoke and wrote.

Here are a set of contradictions which need to be resolved, but unfortunately David Weatherall in his biography *David Ricardo* has not done so. He disclaims any attempt to provide a continuous narrative, preferring to present "a number of facts" to demonstrate or illuminate the quality of his mind. Even at that, however, the reader ought to be able to gather from this book an idea of the significance of Ricardo's career, some appreciation of the basis of Ricardo's thought, and some guide to the diversity of Ricardo's writings. None of that can be gathered from this book. Certainly no one who is unaware of the place of *The Principles of Political Economy* in the development of political economy would be able to gather it from this book. No one who wants to know how Ricardo acquired his fortune would be able to piece the story together from this work. No one who is unaware of the part played by Ricardo in the "bullion controversy" would be able to understand it from the brief mention given by Mr. Weatherall. And no one who wants to understand how Ricardo acquired his reputation among contemporaries either as a person or as a thinker

would be able to secure much enlightenment. Mr. Weatherall has obviously written this book as a form of family play. That is not in itself an unworthy motive. But even such a work has certain minimum requirements. It should be easy to read, it should be logically coherent, it should enable the reader to finish it with the feeling that he has a better understanding of its subject. Mr. Weatherall was all too aware of the pitfalls facing him, and indeed in his introduction disclaims any attempt to present a comprehensive study of Ricardo's work; unfortunately he has gone too far to the other extreme. At best the style is staccato—it is a little discordant to find 193 pages of text divided into twenty-eight chapters—and at times extremely disjointed. The story jumps backwards and forwards and betrays in places a disturbing lack of knowledge and understanding of Anglo-Jewish history or even of early nineteenth-century British politics. There is a place for a plain man's life of, and guide to, David Ricardo. This is not that book.

Designed mainly for teachers and student teachers at junior, middle and secondary school level, W. B. Stephens's *Teaching Local History* (182pp. Manchester: University Press, £5.95) discusses the case for the inclusion of local history in the general school curriculum. It is distinguished for the detailed advice that it gives on the reasons for including a local history aspect in all types of syllabus: that is, both those focused mainly on national and general history and those centred on the local school environment. The need for access to primary source material is stressed, but the author gives much information on such sources as printed maps, and physical evidence. There is also a substantial section on fieldwork and archaeology, with a copious list of relevant bibliographical aids and possible field experiments.

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TLS Commentary

Grants tome

Roland Turner's *Grants Register* (1977-1979) must be the answer to the impoverished poet's, struggling scholar's, isolated thinker's, unrecognized prodigy's parents', worthy if plodding graduate's and countless other respectable mendicants' prayers: 2,110 offers of success, encouragement, or reward, clearly laid out (764 pp), helpfully indexed (St James Press), and reasonably priced (£19)—especially if the answer is "yes".

To be sure, there are enough restrictions and qualifications to satisfy the foulest cynic, and, doubtless, to disappoint many hopeful readers. Some of the awards are restricted to citizens of, for example, NZ, the UK or—tendently—SCotland. For a few, you need to be JE(wish), just as you have to be an AR(ab) for another little bunch of grants. Certain awards are only for m, and others for w. But there are numerous openings for all comers: a random sample of the classified index (Geothermics to Physiology) yielded fifty-five such awards out of a total of 170, in reasonable agreement with the claim in the blurb that over one third of those listed are "open to all". Moreover, many of the exclusive ones are hardly that, as they apply to any developing country or to anyone living within the western hemisphere.

The grants are intended for "graduates, young professionals, academic staff, advanced scholars, and others who wish to undertake studies, creative work, projects or training (not necessarily academic) of an advanced nature". Government bodies, universities, research institutes, learned societies, international organizations, industry, and the larger foundations are naturally enough well represented. What is astonishing is the enormous range of the lesser (or at any rate less familiar) purses being proffered, and the imaginative nature of some of the awards. To name only two, there is to be had a fellowship to enable a disabled applicant to train an instructor in watch repair and precision technology, and there is to be entered an international competition for violin makers.

Now and then we find signs that the donors had a good time drawing up the rules for applicants. A certain fellowship "is offered at infrequent intervals and is tenable for an indefinite period". Three prizes are available annually for outstanding paintings of any school, from naïf to realistic, of any type, from still life to portraiture, that include a recognizable bottle of the brand of liqueur manufactured by the sponsors. A short-term fellowship has been earmarked (if this is the word) for research in English civilisation 1640-1750/Oscar Wilde in the 1890s/Montaigne's history/modern fine printing. Grants are on offer whose purpose is to "restore legitimate theatre in America". Funds for research into extraterrestrial perception, psychokinetic, precognition and related phenomena are awarded "at unspecified times". That still leaves some 1,000,000 awards you can take seriously.

Rags as riches

The costume auction yesterday at Christie's South Kensington was watched "with interest" by Phillips and Sotheby's: the greater part of the sale was a collection of 115 almost unworn clothes of the 1950s and late 1950s, the property of a wealthy, fashionable and anonymous lady, junk shop and market bouiques have lately offered up the 1950s as a joke for a style-conscious generation whose mothers wore the clothes the first time round, but neither Phillips nor Sotheby's have yet auctioned clothes of a more recent date than the 1930s, and regard later fashion as a no man's land between antique costume and modern-day clothes. As costume quality fades from view it is natural



"Raja Siraj Mal (1613-1618) of Nurpur Holding a Hawk": one of the Visions of Courtly India in W. G. Archer's catalogue of eighty Pahari miniatures, painted from 1700 to 1830, from his family's private collection. The book is published by Sotheby Parke Bernet (£56pp. £10).

Footage wordage

The documentation of documents continues to be well documented, with researchers of all kinds drowning in a sea of lifeboats. The latest indispensable work of reference to come our way is the *International Index to Film Periodicals* 1975 (St James Press, £12.50), a massy compilation from the index cards which, since 1972, the Documentation Committee of the International Federation of Film Archives has been circulating to interested libraries and archives at a rate of about ten thousand a year. The articles listed appear in some eighty periodicals devoted to the cinema, from *Huileins de Cine* (Lima), *Kinoiskusstve* (Sofia), *Snap* (Amsterdam), and *Velvet Light Trap*, which originates in the Old Royal Schoolhouse, Cottage Grove, Wisconsin. America and France, naturally, dominate the list of periodical sources: there is nothing from Asia or Africa.

Between them, the periodicals leave not much footage untrod, though the films reviewed are not always the most recent. As for hits, thus *Scram*, if the cards don't lie, has just reviewed Jean Vigo's *Après de Nice* (1930), while *Cinéma d'aujourd'hui* is taking a perspective view of Val Guest's 1957 *Abominable Snowman*. *Variety* can be relied upon for an award or two about such exotica as *Actural*

si salbatelli: Babuo, hindi ku dapat nilalang ("Woman, you should not have been created"); and the unforgettable and untranslatable *Ang Nubya Kong Sexy*. The index is a useful charting of what's where, critical chic, that *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, though made in 1970, is still being explored, but the most discussed film of the year is Antonioni's *Professione: reporter*, closely followed by *Young Frankenstein*, *Day of the Locust*, and *The Godfather Part Two*, whose Marxist analysis of American society makes it the greatest Hollywood movie since *Citizen Kane* (according to *Jump Cut*, which also provides an analysis of racial and sexual themes). *Dialects from the Locust*, and *The Godfather Part Two*, whose Marxist analysis of American society makes it the greatest Hollywood movie since *Citizen Kane* (according to *Jump Cut*, which also provides an analysis of racial and sexual themes). *Dialects from the Locust*, and *The Godfather Part Two*, whose Marxist analysis of American society makes it the greatest Hollywood movie since *Citizen Kane* (according to *Jump Cut*, which also provides an analysis of racial and sexual themes).

The DES is offering two two-year studentships in librarianship and four three-year research studentships in information science. These awards will normally be offered only to candidates who will be under twenty-seven on October 1, living in England, Scotland, or Wales, with at least a good second-class honours degree; for the information science studentships, the degree should be in science, social science or technology. Applicants for the librarianship studentships who only have librarianship qualifications will be considered on their merits. The department is also offering up to four two-year post-doctoral fellowships in information science, intended for young British research workers who have recently gained their PhD or its equivalent.

Nominations should be made before July 1 by the head of the department in which the student for the librarianship studentships are available from Arts and Libraries Branch, DES, Elizabeth House, York Road, London SE1; and for the information science studentships and fellowships from DES Awards Branch, Homayyot Lane, Stratford, Middlesex.

Fifty years on . . .

In the TLS of February 24, 1927, A. C. Brock reviewed Eliot's *Poems* 1909-1925, together with the collected poems of Herbert Read, AE, James Stephens, and Wilfred Gibson:

Mr Read, at the beginning of his collected poems, gives a quotation from Chapman's "Ovid's Banquet of Selves":

Obscurity in affection of words and indigestible conceits, is pedantic and childish; but where it shrouds itself in the heart of his subject, uttered with fitness of figure and expressive epithets, with that darkness which I still labour to be shadowed. Perhaps most of Mr Eliot's poetry is shadowed with the proper kind of darkness, but the quotation supplies us with the right word for some of Mr Eliot's figures. They are indigested. Mr Eliot writes for himself, and some of his poetry seems to be fragments from a much longer poem buried in the poet's mind, which, if it were known to the reader, might explain everything. In this longer buried poem all must be digested, but all is not so clearly digested in the smaller fragments which actually appear on paper. This fragmentary poetry is parasitic upon Mr Eliot's mind, for he has never managed to separate it from himself, or to purge it of the processes by which it began to form in his mind. This may well be the explanation of the frailty of the bridges by which he joins one image to another. And yet how beautiful some of these images are when they are taken by themselves:

Above the antique mantel was displayed
As though a window gave upon the sylvan scene
The change of Philomel, by the barbarous king
So rudely forced; yet there the nightingale
Filled all the desert with inviolable voice,
And still she cries (and still she
world pursues)

"A jug jug" to dirty ears.
To adorn his meaning like this is not the aim of the metaphysical poet, nor is it necessarily a symptom of his success in that aim. But here we are at the heart of the subject, and it is to be noticed that Mr Eliot is not shadowed with any kind of darkness. And in all Mr Eliot's poetry there are such moments of great beauty and clarity. Mr Eliot is an incomparable phrase maker, like Tennyson. But, again like Tennyson, he seeks to be metaphysical in one sense or another of this word, and neither he nor Tennyson succeeds in being metaphysical as Lucretius was, though they may be according to the literal meaning of the word. Of such poetry as Mr Eliot's and Tennyson's Mallarmé's work is true—it is not made with words, but with words.

Literary research: Thoughts for an agenda

By George Watson

Charles II, so Pepys tells, laughed mightily at Gresham College "for spending time only in weighing of ayre, and doing nothing else since they say" (*Diary*, February 1, 1664). The weight of air is a substantial question, for all I know; and according to Pepys's latest editor, Robert Latham, its study led to the invention of steam-power. But anyone who has ever tried to convince academics that research needs to be useful, or even that it may need to look useful for so long as it is maintained at public cost, will understand how Charles II felt. And when it comes to professors or students of literature, it can be difficult to persuade them that the question of use is a proper question at all.

This is surprising. Even if use is measured narrowly in terms of monetary profit, English is plainly a useful study. It is now the lingua franca of mankind, and the first that mankind has ever had. The richer nations, at least, are prepared to pay well for it. Obvious as all that sounds, it is worth emphasizing in an educational climate which still purges it of the sciences and technologies are useful and the arts decorative.

Britain may not succeed in recovering by exporting teachers of English what she looks likely to lose on superfluous aircraft, but she can try; and as every vice-chancellor knows, there is nothing like a laborious science for losing public money fast. The arts are cheap, some of them, rightly handled, could even be profitable. And since most copies of books published in Britain are sold abroad, there can be little doubt that literature shows a favourable balance of payments for the nation.

Any individual or any academic department, it hardly needs to be argued, has the right to be useless, as a simple matter of civil liberty. But that is a matter of choice, not of necessity. Literary scholars are in no way bound to art of no use. There is nothing unsalutary about the study of a great literature, even in hard times. Anyone who does choose to be useless—and above all anybody who boasts about it—should at least be made to see that he is behaving wilfully. And anybody who wants in a familiar way about the evils of Beaumont and the degradation of living solely for monetary gain should be asked to read some Bentham, who advocated nothing of the kind.

Graduate schools of English have been in decline throughout the 1970s. The most immediate cause has been the drop in academic posts, for which they are supposed

to be a preparative. Another and more penetrating cause is a widespread cynicism concerning their object and deeper purpose. Since numbers are falling and will continue to fall, there can be no point now in proposing a reduction in numbers. The more speculative debate has already moved beyond that point, which has been overtaken by events themselves. It now asks whether our universities have any sufficient ground for maintaining English graduate schools at all. The right answer is probably something in the form of "Yes, provided that . . .", but both sides of the question need to be given proper weight.

The radical case for abolishing graduate schools is that they have only two significant objectives and achieve neither. The first is to train teachers for higher education. But it would be an unusual academic who believed that the best way to train a teacher is to encourage him to write a thesis on a single topic for several years soon after graduation. If there is any reason for thinking that, then it would advance discussion to hear what it is. I have not yet heard it.

The other objective concerns the intrinsic value of the thesis. This is a much more complicated matter, and many academics can quote instances of good work well done in graduate schools, of discoveries made there for which he is grateful, of dissertations deservedly used in books or articles of consequence. But would anyone guess what proportion of the whole such cases have represented in recent memory. My own guess would be that they represent fewer than one tenth. By and large, a thesis is an educative instrument or it is nothing. But many academics have never seriously believed in it as an educative instrument, and some who have believed that have by now ceased to do so.

The two significant objectives of research are after all closely linked, and it is success in the one that can guarantee success in the other, as failure guarantees failure. It is not because the thesis is insignificant in itself that it fails to train the mind of the aspiring teacher. That insignificance can reside in the very topic. It is no training for a life dedicated to communicating literary knowledge to spend formative years excavating an area that might better have been left undisturbed. The mark which that failure leaves is not upon research alone. It can deform the intelligence in a wide and sometimes irreparable way. That is why there are academic teachers who prefer undergraduate to graduate teaching. You teach undergraduates masterpieces and graduates trivia, or so it often seems. And many of them would rather teach masterpieces than trivia.

But how could it be otherwise? An undergraduate course in English means studying Chaucer, Shakespeare, Wordsworth and Dickens. The list could stop there, and one formidable fact is already clear. In the context of literary English, there could not be anything better than this. It is the highest and best that there is. It is not accidental if many graduates feel that their undergraduate years were the golden time. No graduate school can better undergraduate schools in terms of the best of study: it is almost bound to look and feel anticlimactic.

All the same, it is doubtful whether intellectual interest has to contract as sharply as it does. And if the stuff of literary research needs to be transformed and widened, it can be made less barren except academics themselves. The young graduate cannot do it, or cannot do it unaided. It is not in nature to expect him to know where the big chances are. Every subject has a confab. But the

graduate, in the nature of things, is nowhere near it himself, and the chances are that he has rarely glimpsed it. He has no idea of the agenda of English, of what is next to be done. That is why an agenda for research, and above all an agenda for hard times, must be designed and encouraged by those who teach.

This cannot be the moment for laissez-faire in literary research, in the sense of encouraging or requiring graduates to choose their own topics for themselves. The demand that they do so is too serious for that, and it is certain to grow more serious. If academics are to arm themselves with answers about the utility of research that will convince public authorities in a freezing economic climate, they will have to devise such answers themselves. There is simply no one else who can. "Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate?" Shakespeare's Henry V remarks when the French princess he is wooing replies coyly that she cannot tell whether she loves him or not. To contend that literary scholars do not know what the next questions are to propose something which is either absurd or deeply damaging to their own pretensions. We may, like the princess, be reluctant to tell it, but if we do not know, then we ought to know. As a Scottish student once shouted from the back of a lecture-hall, "You're paid to know".

Academics can be reluctant to reveal the best field for research for a number of reasons, and not all of them are merely silly. They may feel, and often rightly, that the very question presupposes shallow motives in the young graduate who poses it. They can be coy about appearing to recommend a topic in the context of a system where they can be held culpably responsible when the project fails, even when that failure is the fault of the researcher. And they are aware that the young graduate cannot be expected to do a useful amount of research on his own. Most undergraduate schools of English are not primarily designed as preparatives to research—rightly so, since most of their graduates will never do research. And much of the sting of the argument about unfair advantage disappears if advice about topics is publicly offered. The argument cannot be against writing an article like this one, for lecturing about where the best research possibilities now lie. That is why the debate needs to be opened up and made public. The future of literary research becomes a different question when the most honourable one—when it is publicly conducted.

My own sense of the present atmosphere in literary research, amid diminishing grants, a contracting job-market and an arctic freeze in academic publishing, is that there are now two promising areas where the beginner can best hope to operate.

Editing. Many students, including the most serious, believe that editing a literary text is too boring an activity to stimulate their creative urges, and too technical to be readily within their grasp. They need to be shown that they are mistaken on both counts: and perhaps the best way to show them is to encourage them to attempt modest editing tasks as undergraduates. The first tasks need not even aspire to originality. But it is wonderful to watch how, working on a facsimile text of a well known poem like a Shakespearean sonnet, or a short poem by Donne or Herbert, a young student can suddenly take fire from its own momentum. Wonderful, too, to discover how briskly any fear of the technical vanishes as soon as the procedural point is made. The way to learn a few rules of editing is to follow the procedures of an edition one admires and to try to do it as well, or better. To edit is to perform an imitation with variations. The models are all to hand.

And far from stifling a critical response, an edition provides an ideal opportunity for just that: it begins with an introduction, after all, and an introduction can be a critical essay. The aspiring student of English is profoundly mistaken if he thinks an edition either beneath him or beyond him. It can be as short as an article or as long as a book, and if he wants to interest a periodical editor or a publisher, this can be the quickest road. There is no shortage of significant and unedited texts, if editing is understood in the light of modern practice. Most of classic English literature, and especially of classic literary prose, is still unedited. The spacious fields of English fiction and of public prose, including oratory, stretch further than the eye can see.

2 English as a second language. Now that English is the lingua franca of mankind, we need to study connections between learning English as a second language, on the one hand, and studying its literature on the other. Much of the outer world has now noticed that it is possible to learn English as a useful second language without bothering with Shakespeare or Dickens at all. English is booming in universities; English literature often is not.

That can leave the new graduate in an embarrassed situation as a teacher. Our universities have trusted him to teach English as a subject in high culture, and the chances are that he is ambitious to heighten it further. Many graduates in English, to speak bluntly, are intellectual snobs, none more so than those who proclaim revolutionary sentiments and there is regrettably something in the view that undergraduate English has helped them further into a settled consciousness of intellectual superiority. At all events it has rarely helped them out of it. A new enthusiasm for Renaissance iconography or rhetoric, or a devotion to the fictional devices of Victorian fiction, is a fish out of water when asked to improve the spoken or written English of a roomful of Argentinians or Japanese. And yet, if the essential tasks of a world language are left entirely to language teachers, it is easy to predict that the poppy of literature in overseas teaching will shrink further or fall to grow.

It is disturbing, then, when the whole world wants teachers of English, that nobody of literary training and conviction in British universities is responding on behalf of studies of English poetry or literary prose can be introduced into the study of English as a second language; at what stage in that study, which aspects, and with what results. Or perhaps someone is; perhaps the project is merely announced. It is a matter in which I should be happy to be proved mistaken. Meanwhile, one reform we could institute at once is to revive the study of grammar within the highly literary context of practical criticism. It is astonishing how much can be achieved, in literary analysis using the modest and familiar toolkit of traditional grammar—parts of speech, the tense, mood and voice of verbs, problems of word-order—and so widening the debate into syntax and stylistics. If research in these fields is to be seriously encouraged, then practical criticism offers an infinitely adaptable instrument for working a youthful interest in the language of literature.

But a deeper truth has to be faced: that English is losing, or has lost, its territorial base as an academic study, and that if research is to flourish it must seek and find a new one.

A study has a territorial base which there is an area of human knowledge within which it can prosecute its way to learn a few rules of editing is to follow the procedures of an edition one admires and to try to do it as well, or better. To edit is to perform an imitation with variations. The models are all to hand.

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about his field than anybody outside it. "You'd better," would be the natural and reasonable response. Alone among the academic disciplines, English does not enjoy that confidence. It is a sorry uniqueness to have to boast of. But then it has itself to blame.

The loss of nerve is from within. For the half-century or more that English has endured in our universities, its cognitive claims have been denied by those who profess it, as well as by hostile witnesses from without. It is professors of English, though not all of them, who have assured their pupils that literature can neither inform nor instruct about anything, and that criticism cannot inform or instruct about literature.

Professor I. A. Richards, in his *Science and Poetry* (1926), long ago called the assertions made by poets mere "pseudo-statements", and insisted that it is not the poet's business to make true statements (page 36), only to release and organize our impulses and attitudes. The Anglo-American New Criticism of the 1930s and 1940s laboured to prove the voice of the poet at an exquisite fiction, a disembodied utterance that committed a disembodied utterance that only the naive and untutored could mistake for faith. Most modern critical thought since then, notably the Nouvelle Critique that has spread from Paris since the 1950s and the new literary fashion for hermeneutics, is strenuously and competitively subjectivist. The mood is all for the excitements of verities. If, in such debates, you suggest some fresh and more ingenious reason for doubting that the author meant it, or twenty if you suggest he said it because it was true.

At a recent graduate seminar I suggested there was no sufficient reason to doubt that literary criticism is an objective inquiry. Nobody agreed with me, and most thought I must be pulling the collective leg of the seminar by stating the unquantifiable here for others to chase. The new Merton Professor of English has recently proclaimed in his Oxford inaugural, "The Critic as Vandal", that "to reward is to destroy", and that "literary critics spend much of their time denying the meaning of literature" (*New Statesman*, August 6 and 13, 1976); when challenged in letters to defend his views, he reaffirmed them with a convoluted enthusiasm, adding that all literary value judgments are "a matter of personal opinion" in the manner of one who expects to contradict. He did not pause to explain whether this judgment, in its turn, is subject to the same limitation, or whether it is miraculously exempt. All this smacks of the high comedy of a bishop denying the supernatural. Bishops and professors may of course think what they please. But in public utterance the bishop needs to consider his cloth and the professor his salary; if the professor is a member of the belief, what right has the cleric to his collar? And if the judgments of literary critics are merely personal and no literary perception either true or false, what right has the professor to his salary, or the student to his grant? And what weight, if any, can we give degrees conferred on these opinions?

The force of public opinion has so far counted for surprisingly little here. But it is just possible that somebody may be listening. In the era of the Open University, and of Tom Stoppard's academic parody *Jumpers*, it is highly probable that somebody is listening. And yet for some reason it is infinitely difficult to persuade those who are professionally engaged in academic literary debate that the sphere may be a connection, and a growing connection.

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between mostly dogmatic subjectivism on the one hand and a dearth of teaching jobs on the other. If literary judgments are in the nature of merely personal taste, and if the study of English is deeply involved in such judgments, then the subject has no obvious right to exist at the public cost. To be serious in an argument is to be prepared seriously to consider where it goes and what its consequences are.

But of course we are not serious, and it is beginning to show. The modern critic has built a cosy little world for himself and dubbed it Modern Critical Thought, where he gathers with others of like mind in the fervent hope that nobody will open a window. Inside, the standards of unrehearsed syntax can be impressive, but the level of debate is not intellectually demanding.

It is uncritically accepted by modern critics that literary judgments can only be personal on the grounds that literary experts disagree; though nobody, or almost nobody, imagines that disagreements among natural scientists prove the study of the physical universe to be merely personal. It is accepted that you cannot judge without criteria, in the sense of verbally stateable criteria; though nobody seems to know why anybody should believe anything like this, and certainly nobody has as yet believed it. In the accounts of only descriptions complete and accurate in every detail qualify as descriptions at all; so that it is easy to dismiss the claims of social fiction to describe reality, or of criticism to describe texts. It is believed that the subject, in the can only deform judgment, though it remains unclear how anybody can know all ideologies to be wrong without knowing at least one to be right. We have lost, and urgently need to rediscover, the way because of our conceptual frameworks and not in spite of them. Without them we should be as lost as a mariner without a map. We are afraid of belief. Having burnt our fingers on belief, in the 1960s, it is natural that most should take refuge in a conceptual aestheticism and intoxicate themselves in the contemplation of comparative methodologies. But if the modern critic were asked what he was doing and why he was doing it, would he have an answer?

Meanwhile, since those who choose to study English often do so precisely because they hold these general positions, and rightly suspect they would be thought intolerant of self-defeating in any other academic context, the literary world of our academics threatens to become self-selecting and self-perpetuating. Critical textbooks proliferate in which the subjectivist case is simply taken for granted. They are even common in a diatribe against the American think-tank in the 1960s, with obligatory references to Kierkegaard, Marx, Kafka, Freud and a recent French critic, along with the name of one or another National Socialist. The result is a rhetoric, no literary assertion has weight: contentions are entertained rather than asserted, and artfully juggled with before being tossed aside; the truth-content of novels, plays and poems is never an issue, assertions are always a way of seeing, never a thing seen; and no question of accuracy ever arises, nor even where an interpretation by an earlier critic is judged to be seductive or not. The very-bird, it is said, flew in ever diminishing circles until it flew up itself and disappeared. It is not really surprising if undergraduates are bored with literary criticism, it is an activity plagued by a death-wish, and its wish draws near to fulfilment.

The situation is in no way unhappy. For the English teacher is a something worse than unhappy for the beginner who would like to make an entry. His state is unenviable. He contemplates the very personalities who have ruined the subject and who still engage the friends of the subject, unless it is transformed, is bound to prove embittering over the years. But to transform it, English will have to claim a cognitive base of its own, and announce objectives that look useful to those not engaged in the subject at all. There is no disgrace in being useful. For that, as I see it, is our job. As Benjamin Britten wrote to a fellow-composer: "to be useful, and that to the thing." While the subject is in this state, no critical must now contrive to follow.

To the Editor

R. H. Tawney

Sir—Richard Cobb's moderate letter (February 11), explaining his doubts about R. H. Tawney's *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*, contrasts admirably with the immediately following letter, the temperate outburst on the same subject by G. R. Elton. The latter, intent on maintaining the smite-the-priest-and-high tradition of scholarly controversy, is so patently unfair that he is unlikely to be taken too seriously by colleagues in the field. But the non-specialist may assume that Elton's pronouncements reflect some current consensus among historians; it is, therefore, necessary to point out how far this is from being the case.

I never met Tawney, and have never given any thought to the question of whether or not he was a nice man. Moreover, though his style was vigorous, clear and sometimes elegant, he does not seem especially notable as a writer, and it has never occurred to me to recommend his works for their literary value. Finally, while fully aware of his social and moral purpose and respect, I have never found them to be a reason for reading or avoiding his scholarship. Were such purposes to determine the "virtue" of a historical study, we would probably have to ignore just about every major historian from Thucydides onward, particularly the outstanding offenders like Gibbon and Macaulay, or, in our own day, E. P. Thompson and Le Roy Ladurie. Since none of us, not even Elton, is immune to value-laden judgments, there seems little point in judging the "virtue" of scholarship by their presence or absence.

In other words, my admiration for Tawney derives from none of the three reasons which Elton posits as the only possible justifications for the study of his work. Not that the respect is unthinking. Without going into detail, or wasting space on a refutation of Elton's caricature of the argument and influence of *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*, might nevertheless point out briefly some of the excellent and rational reasons for regarding Tawney's oeuvre as a landmark in twentieth-century English historical writing.

When Tawney delivered the Holland Memorial Lectures in 1922, only seventeen years had passed since the appearance of Weber's *Die protestantische Ethik und der Geist des Kapitalismus*, an eleven years since the publication of *Max Weber's Die Soziallehren des christlichen Kirchen und Gruppen*. Neither work was to be issued in English translation until the 1930s; for English students, therefore, Tawney was the creator of a new subject, the sociology of religion.

While he was clearly influenced by both Weber and Troeltsch, he made his own pioneering contribution to the transformation of studies of religion: by analysing the different social consequences of Puritanism and Anglicanism; by revealing the importance of entire areas of new research, such as the history of usury or the relationship between religion and social policy; by demonstrating the connections between economic, social, and religious history; and by exposing both the strengths and the influence of ideology in an age of powerful beliefs.

What is more remarkable, many of these accomplishments were foreshadowed in the book Tawney published twenty years earlier, *The Agrarian Problem in the Sixteenth Century*. At a time when economic history was in its infancy (fifteen years before the founding, partly thanks to his efforts, of *The Economic History Review*), when the agricultural history of England after the Middle Ages was virtually non-existent, and when the significance of economic and social affairs for our understanding of the past were dimly perceived, this was an extraordinary accomplishment. If the intervening decades have brought about extensive revisions in the conclusions of both of these major books, Tawney's work must still be read by those who seriously study the subjects he treated. The enormous recent literature that addresses English social, economic, agrarian, and religious history during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries still takes Tawney as its starting point. However misanthropic Elton's opinion of his colleagues may be, does he really believe that mere unthinking sentimentality can keep a scholar's work alive, useful, and taught for over half a century?

Not much of the foregoing has received the attention it deserves in this correspondence, even the preceding paragraph barely sketches the breadth of Tawney's abiding contributions. Indeed, the professional historian ought not to need such reminders. But other readers might profit from the assurance that, while his work is like Elton, Tawney hardly needs friends.

THEODOR K. RABH
Princeton University, Princeton,
New Jersey 08540.

He thought the English had been at their best at the time of the great Puritan movement; he thought that England had treated them shabbily and all but destroyed an admirable way of life; and he hoped to see social democracy restore it. Other admirable men—William Morris for one—thought much the same. Selfishness and money-grubbing are sins; and Tawney thought that the greatness and success of our country had been mainly due to generosity and virtue. It seems to me neither a mean nor an unhistorical view.

Because social democracy is on the wane must we deny the generosity of a man who, in two years when England came near destruction, rejoiced in the past and believed in the future of our country? Has cynical positivism got so much to offer?

JOHN VAIZEY
24 Heathfield Terrace, London W4.

Ben Jonson

Sir—Robert M. Adams (February 11) has noticed an error of reference in my book on Ben Jonson. I am sorry that they occurred and grateful to him for pointing them out.

For the rest I would only say that anyone who attacks an interpretation of Drummond in favour of Jonson's reading of his *Conferences* reveals a breathtaking blindness to the way of the written word. Adams makes me despair: I now feel I should have written my book in monosyllables.

GEORGE PARFITT
Department of English Studies,
University of Nottingham.

Paul Celan

Sir—In his review of Paul Celan's *Zeitgehoft* (February 4) George Steiner refers to "the archaic sense of *Sinn* (spirit)".

I wonder what he means by this; the word's etymology takes it back to "to travel, strive, walk", but its subject-matter is distinct enough—physical, domestic, or spiritual. The *Wortbuch der deutschen Sprache*, mentions a "vorhistorisches *sinn*". He does not think that a derivation from the Latin *sensus* is likely.

Where does the spirit come in? EVA BORNEMANN
A-4612 Scharnau, Vitz 7,
Austria.

Among this week's contributors

J. S. ABBOTSON is the author of *The Books at the Wake*, 1955.

RICHARD BEADLER is a Fellow of St John's College, Cambridge.

T. J. BINYON is a Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford.

P. V. BRADY is Senior Lecturer in German at Birkbeck College, London.

J. A. BURROW is the author of *Ricardian Poetry*, 1971.

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL's books include *Leviathan*, *Manuscript Obscene*, 1972, and *The Georgian Lady*, 1976.

RICHARD CLOGG is a Lecturer in Modern Greek History at the School of Slavonic and East European Studies and at King's College London.

MARTIN ESSLIN's books include *Pinter*, 1973, and *Artaud*, 1976.

ROY FULLER's most recent collection of poems is *Tiny Tears*, 1973, and *From the Lake Shop*, 1975.

EUGENE GUNNIVERTS' *Roll, Jordan, Roll*, was published in 1975.

WARWICK GUILD is a Lecturer in English at Royal Holloway College, London.

SIMON HACKELL's books include *The Orthodox Church*, 1971, and *The Post and the Revolution: Aleksandr Blok's "The Twelve"*, 1975.

JÜRGEN HARSTROP's *Secret Alliance* was published last year.

SIR DAVID HUNT's autobiography *On the Spot* was published in 1975.

RAGNOLD HARTON's books include *Europe in the Age of Louis XIV*, 1969, and *Louis XIV and his World*, 1972.

PAUL IGNATIUS is the author of *The Paradise of Manassess*, 1967, and *Hungary*, 1972.

PETER KEATING is the author of *The Working Classes in Victorian Fiction*, 1971.

JOHN LAIR's most recent novel *Hot To Trot* was published last year.

RICHARD MAYNNE's *The Europeans* was published in 1972.

SIR PETER MEDAWAR is the author (with J. S. Medawar) of *The Life Science* which was published last month.

AUBREY NEWAN is Reader in History at the University of Leicester. E. R. NORMAN is Dean of Peterhouse, Cambridge.

HERMANN PILCHON's books include *Legendary Fiction in Medieval Iceland*, 1970, and *The Book of Settlement*, 1972.

T. A. SHIPPY is the author of *Old English Verse*, 1972.

C. H. SISSON's collections of poems include *Metamorphoses*, 1968, and *In the Trojan Ditch*, 1974.

JILL STEPHENSON is the author of *Women in Nazi Society*, 1975.

MARY STEWART is a Lecturer in German at King's College London.

BRIAN STOCK is the author of *Myth and Science in the Twelfth Century*, 1973.

RICHARD USORNE's *Wodehouse at Work* was released last year.

KEITH WALKER is a Lecturer in English at University College London.

GEORGE WATSON's books include *The Study of Literature*, 1969 and *The English Ideology*, 1973.

C. M. WOODMONT's *The Struggle for Greece (1941-1949)* was published last year.

T. C. WORSLEY's books include *Tele-vision: The Ephemeral Art*, 1975.

Industrial Archaeology

Sir—The discussion of industrial archaeology in your columns has become confused by the fact that three somewhat different issues have been debated simultaneously. To begin with, Philip Riden considered the new *Industrial Archaeology Review* (January 7) and took its promoters to task for not having produced a perfect work. There is no serious disagreement with him about this. Members of the editorial board are aware of the deficiencies of the *Review*. Unlike Mr Riden, however, we are delighted to possess at last a substantial journal of our own and we have confidence in the plans for its development.

Mr Riden went on (Letters, February 4) to raise a different and more contentious proposition. He implied that no scholarly work had been done in industrial archaeology and claimed that the subject was treated with academic disdain. He supported the second part of this proposition with a couple of references (as if this could prove the point), one of which is to N. B. Harte's review of my Pelican book, *Industrial Archaeology in Britain*, in the *Economic History Review*. Now Mr Harte undoubtedly has criticisms of industrial archaeology in this review, but they were in a serious and constructive vein and it is ludicrous to describe them as in any way a disdainful dismissal of the subject. On the other side, it is difficult to understand how Mr Riden can fail to appreciate the quality of solid scholarly articles which are completely industrial archaeological in content in journals such as *Post-Medieval Archaeology* (there are three such journals), *Historical Metallurgy*, and local publications, such as *BAS Journal* and the *Journal of the Archaeological Society*. A. P. Woodrich (Letters, February 4) recognizes these as worthwhile but curiously draws a wrong conclusion from them. The fact that industrial archaeologists have been forced in recent years to rely on these and other journals is very understandable, but it does not make their contributions any less industrially archaeological or any less excellent.

Finally, Mr Riden delivers a general broadside: he does not believe that industrial archaeology can ever "become a separate field of study". In which case it is hard to understand why he gets so vehement about it. He should regard the self-indulgent pretensions of its practitioners. The subject is certainly unusual in having a remarkably open-ended attitude to other disciplines, and in possessing no unique technique of its own. But its subject-matter is distinct enough—physical, domestic, or spiritual. The *Wortbuch der deutschen Sprache*, mentions a "vorhistorisches *sinn*". He does not think that a derivation from the Latin *sensus* is likely.

Where does the spirit come in? EVA BORNEMANN
A-4612 Scharnau, Vitz 7,
Austria.

Thomas Hardy and 'Marmion'

Sir—*Goodbye To All That* is probably not available "under the deodars" (Patrick Leigh Fermor, January 28). According to Graves, Hardy told T. S. Lawrence that the *liad* was not in the "Marmion class". As far as I am aware Hardy never read *The Waste Land*, although I have heard that he expressed enthusiasm for "Prufrick".

C. J. S. LOCK
Keble College, Oxford.

The Text of 'Don Juan'

Sir—In my article on "The Correct Text of *Don Juan* I, 190-198" (TLS, August 13, 1976) I neglected to point out that the new Penguin edition of Byron's *Don Juan*, though it did not make use of the newly discovered proofs, did print the stanzas in question from the so-called M manuscript, which was Byron's fair copy, and printer's copy of the proofs. In this revision of the Penguin edition, Professor Stefan and Pratt corrected their earlier Variorum text and brought it into line with the corrected proofs.

TEROME J. MCGANN
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Cwēn's English

Sir—Queens all over the world have every right to dissent from Anthony Burgess's recent discussion on the etymology of *queen* (February 11), which refers only to Anglo-Saxon: *cwēn* meaning "wife", "consort", "royal princess", and "empress" and *cwene* meaning "woman", "femelle", "queen", and "prostitute".

Modern English *queen* is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *cwēn* and not from *cwene*, which gives Shakespeare's *queen* (prostitute).

ZACHARIAS P. THUNDY
English Department, Northern Michigan University, Marquette, Michigan 49855.

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C. J. S. LOCK
Keble College, Oxford.

GREPH

Sir—In her review of *Politiques de la Philosophie*, edited by Dominique Grisoni (February 11), Amelle Rorty reports on the activities of GREPH (Groupe de Recherches sur l'Enseignement Philosophique) in France. The object of GREPH is, as Mr Rorty correctly states, to inquire into "the political significance of the institutions surrounding the teaching of philosophy".

But Mr Rorty's description of GREPH is seriously misleading. GREPH was founded in 1974, not 1975/76. Of the five well-known writers who Mr Rorty speaks of as members of the group, only one, Jacques Derrida, has played a part in its work, and in particular Michel Foucault, far from being one of its founders, has absolutely no connection with GREPH. The group has about 500 members, most of whom are junior teachers in universities and lycées; and although it has various past and projected publications, *Politiques de la Philosophie* is not one of them; nor has GREPH ever defined its project as conducting a *déplacement* of Marxism or as an attempt to place Marxism "on a new foundation".

The group's work is more advanced, more political and more concrete than Mr Rorty implies. It has been largely concerned with

fighting various government proposals for weakening the position of philosophy teaching in the lycées—proposals associated with the comprehensive technocratic reforms advocated by the French minister of education, René Haby. The group's work has included some extremely perceptive and original analyses of philosophy essays written by lycée students as part of their compulsory final year philosophy course (which philosophy proposes to abolish), and experiments in teaching philosophy to eleven to thirteen-year-olds. The results of the former are already published; those of the latter will be available shortly.

A full and up-to-date account of the work of GREPH can be found in the current issue of *Radical Philosophy*, also containing a translation of the interview with Michel Foucault discussed in Ms Rorty's review.

JONATHAN REE,
COLIN GORDON,
Radical Philosophy, 40 Langdon Park Road, London N6.

'German Poetry 1910-1975'

Sir—Perhaps in the sad controversy (February 11) over Michael Hamburger's *German Poetry 1910-1975*, I—as the British publisher—had better make some points clear.

Urizen Books of New York submitted a setting estimate for this book which was competitive and acceptable. The book was then submitted to Professor Hamburger, who worked with Urizen Books on the preparation of the anthology. Both he and I expressed at the outset our disapproval of the format. Urizen proposed (putting bibliographical notes before the poems) that each poet, so that the reader is distracted by the belief that if people fight savagely for their country or religion, and loyally serve a tyrant, this must be because they have been "indoctrinated" or "brainwashed" by the radio, the cinema, and other means of mass communication.

There is an extensive bibliography, but no references are given for statements in the text. This is understandable in a book of this kind, where footnotes, or references to notes at the end of the book, would probably irritate many readers; but it is sometimes unfortunate that we are given no authority for Mr Hamburger's statements. It would be interesting, for example,

Hamburger was used to working with Carcanet. Our habit has been—and we have published seven of his books in the past five years with only the usual restrictions between publisher and author—friend to friend to supply galleys and duplicate page proofs. Most professional publishers do this, I believe. Urizen Books, however, only sent Hamburger galley proofs of his translation of the poems, and the German text, nor did they send him any page proofs. And nor were the photographs of the setting, they sent me page proofs for the author. They were for me to approve or otherwise the quality of the setting. It was only when Professor Hamburger rang me with news that he had never had page proofs or complete galleys from Urizen that I forwarded my copy to him and the damage was discovered. The poems elapsed between the date when Urizen claim Hamburger had galleys and the publication of the book—surely time enough to supply a set of page proofs to the translator?

The facts appear to be these: that Urizen Books did not in the first instance follow the translator's or the co-publisher's wishes with regard to format; that they took responsibility for editing and design; that Hamburger received galleys only of his translations, not of the original poems, and that these were sent to him in Berlin, where he did not have his books (he tells me he specifically requested that complete page proofs be sent him in England); that their co-publisher did not receive galleys or page proofs until the American edition was ready for press; and, lamentably, that the co-publisher assumed until Hamburger's urgent request that Urizen Books had observed the basic professional niceties of publisher-author in the matter of proofs.

The result of what appears to me to be a regrettable failure of care on the part of Urizen Books is that the American edition has well over a hundred errors; the author has been severely inconvenienced, and his professional reputation as a translator put at risk; and the English edition has been delayed for six months and must be corrected and redesigned at considerable cost. It is sad that Urizen Books appear to take no better responsibility for their actions than I should say, so much.

MICHAEL SCHMIDT,
Carcanet New Press, 330-332, Corn Exchange Buildings, Manchester M4 3BG.

Mental strife

By Jasper Ridley

ANTHONY RHODES:
Propaganda
The Art of Persuasion
319pp. Angus and Robertson. £12.50.

Anthony Rhodes's book contains a very interesting selection of photographs of propaganda material used in the Second World War and in the preceding years by the governments and opposition groups in Britain, the United States, Germany, Italy, and the Soviet Union. The illustrations are excellent, but there are also many reproductions of propaganda leaflets, and a number of "stills" from propaganda films.

It is inevitable in any book in which there are five or six illustrations on every page that the pictures will to some extent overshadow the text, and this is certainly the case here. Mr Rhodes gives a great deal of interesting information in the text, much of which will be new to many readers, but his treatment of the subject is somewhat superficial. We can sympathize with his disgust at the Nazi film *Jud Süss*, and at the action of the British propaganda services in sending German soldiers to their parents in Germany, but this disgust almost certainly leads him to overestimate the success of propaganda. Propaganda existed before the twentieth century; it did not, as Mr Rhodes implies, originate with Lord Northcliffe, from whom it learnt its art. But the twentieth century is unique in having fostered the belief that if people fight savagely for their country or religion, and loyally serve a tyrant, this must be because they have been "indoctrinated" or "brainwashed" by the radio, the cinema, and other means of mass communication.

There is an extensive bibliography, but no references are given for statements in the text. This is understandable in a book of this kind, where footnotes, or references to notes at the end of the book, would probably irritate many readers; but it is sometimes unfortunate that we are given no authority for Mr Rhodes's statements. It would be interesting, for example,

Admirals all

By Bryan Ranft

OLIVER WARNER:
Command at Sea
196pp. Cassell and Collier-Macmillan. £4.95.

The list of the late Oliver Warner's books on the sea reads like a battle roll of British naval history. His approach was primarily biographical and he was especially attracted to the man who held command at sea in the last great war between Britain and France, which brought to an end the days of sail in naval warfare. It is therefore natural that admirals of that era should figure largely in his examination of the exact opposite of his military counterpart, MicArthur. He so deliberately avoided publicity that, Warner observes, his death passed unmentioned in the London press.

It is a long voyage from the aggressive seamanship of Hawke at Quiberon Bay to the elaborate strategic and logistic planning of Nimitz in his shore-base headquarters. It is a measure of Oliver Warner's grasp of the permanent realities of war at sea that his brief concluding essay neatly summarizes the changes in character which enabled these and others to achieve success.

Command at Sea provides an admirable introduction to the human side of naval history, with just enough of the strategic and technical background included to indicate to the perceptive novice the richness and variety which awaits him. The specialist may quarrel with some of Warner's judgments. Can it validly be said of Beatty, the gunnery and command of whose ships showed such serious weakness, that he did "surprise" at Tullamarine? But even the most hardened specialist will be intrigued by the perceptive treatment of the lesser lights, the "Children of the Service". In the

to know what reason he has for believing that the lute evening after 8 p.m. the hour at which the Nazis usually began their rallies, is the time when men and women are less capable of resisting the effect of propaganda. At other periods of history, people have been roused to religious frenzy by sermons preached on the day.

The failure to give references will be particularly disturbing to those readers who have noticed some of the errors in the book. Posters with portraits of Hitler, ten times life-size, were not to be seen regularly in every street in every town and village of Germany, as Mr Rhodes states. Anyone familiar with Lenin's literary style will realize at once that the passage allegedly quoted from his *What is to be done?* on the distinction between propaganda and agitation is not in fact to be found in Lenin's book.

The phrase "religion is the opium of the people" was Marx's, not Lenin's, and was advanced by Marx as a reason against, not in favour of, a virulent, anti-religious campaign; the mockery of religion by the Bolsheviks in Russia in the early years after the revolution was caused, not by their belief that religion was an obstacle to the success of political propaganda, but because they felt the same emotional hatred of the church and of established religion as did their spiritual ancestors, the radicals and anarchists of Italy and Spain in the nineteenth century. It is difficult to see how Mr Rhodes can justify his statement that the liberals in England and France were unaware of the Nazi menace by the time of the Spanish Civil War; and the Russian film *Professor Mamlock* was not shown in Britain "shortly after its completion" but was banned by the British film censor for fear of offending Hitler, and not shown until after the outbreak of war in September 1939.

These weaknesses detract from the value of *Propaganda*, but it is nevertheless an interesting record. Mr Rhodes's account of the propaganda of the warring nations is in the main correct; an afterword by Daniel Lerner on Anglo-American propaganda policy in 1944-45 provides a useful summary of the lucid analysis which is lacking elsewhere, and the collection of illustrated material would in itself be a more than sufficient justification for the book.

persons of the Gardners and the Rowleys, who are rescued from oblivion. Warner is no innocent idealist, he knows that the desire for prize money contributed largely to the attractiveness of naval command, but he makes no anachronistic moral judgments.

Another element was the thirst for honour and glory, which was perhaps the eighteenth century's equivalent of the twentieth century's desire for publicity in the mass media. Nimitz, who successfully commanded the most powerful naval force in the most complex maritime campaign the world has ever seen, was in this respect the exact opposite of his military

Construing and constructing

By Paul Ricoeur

E. D. HIRSCH, Jr.:
The Aims of Interpretation
177pp. University of Chicago Press.
£6.80.

In 1967, E. D. Hirsch published *Validity in Interpretation*. Now, nearly ten years later, in *The Aims of Interpretation*, he proposes "to amplify important subjects that were dealt with only briefly in the earlier book". In speaking of amplification, the author denies having introduced any "substantive revisions of the earlier argument". I would say, for my part, that *The Aims of Interpretation* actually takes a middle course between amplification and revision.

On two points the earlier work left the reader in some confusion. The first concerned the relationship between the internal meaning of a work of art, what Professor Hirsch called the "verbal meaning", and the intention of the author, or "authorial meaning". He defended with vigour the idea that meaning must be determined by the author, in order to be sharable and the object of a valid interpretation, and the idea that the ultimate norm of validation of all interpretation was "authorial meaning". His purpose was to reinforce the authority of the meaning in order to prevent its usurpation by the reader, but he thereby risked falling into what W. K. Wimsatt called "intentional fallacy".

The second ambiguity in *Validity in Interpretation* was this: if in principle Professor Hirsch distinguished between the meaning of the work and its significance for the reader and his did not succeed in elucidating this distinction, for this problem was finally overshadowed by the problem of validating our "guesses" about the possible ways of constructing the meaning of a text. The real originality of *The Aims of Interpretation* is to have made the distinction between "meaning" and "significance" the main line of his argument. The second ambiguity is thus resolved, but perhaps at the cost of an untenable separation. As for the first ambiguity, we shall see later on to what extent the re-orientation of all hermeneutics as a function of the couplet meaning/significance removes that.

Criticism must therefore be concerned with the major distinction between meaning and significance. In my opinion Professor Hirsch is better when he argues and polemizes in order to introduce his distinction than when he sets down the resolving of the difficulties which result from it. Broadly speaking, the distinction is one between "content" and "context": the term "meaning" refers to the verbal meaning within the text; the word "significance" designates the relevance of the text beyond itself, as a function of the interests, values and norms which preside over its evaluation. This demarcation extends beyond the confines of literature: it alone ensures in a general way the identity of the same object of experience in time. Within the framework of literature, the autonomy of meaning in relation to significance achieves its full prominence once one recognizes that the private processes of verbal understanding follow the same rules as the public processes of validation.

Consequently, there are not two things: to understand and to validate. To understand is already to construe: for oneself a scheme, a genre, a type which yield expectations, and are in their turn susceptible of being confirmed. In thus conceiving understanding to be a validating, self-correcting process, Professor Hirsch transfers on to his theory of meaning all the weight of his earlier theory of validation. His purpose is to provide himself with weapons against all forms of relativism, thus giving his work a deliberately polemical tone. Among the relativists he naturally puts those literary critics who deny that meaning is determined by the author, but he also includes all those who, following Heidegger, insist on the essential character of understanding as a hermeneutic activity, and the degree of its

ing; to these he adds, for good measure, French theorists like Barthes, Foucault and Derrida, who become, in his terms, "theologians of dogmatic relativism" and "cognitive nihilists". I must confess that to me this process of amalgamation seems very debatable. In this work no more than in the earlier one, has Professor Hirsch perceived the difference between a hermeneutic philosophy and a relativistic literary criticism which would impose the perspective of the reader as the criterion of meaning. To this mistake he now adds a second by enrolling under the same relativist banner the new wave of French theorists and the hermeneutists stemming from Heidegger.

If one forgets temporarily the universalizing pretensions of this work, its critique of some of the relativist arguments seems very persuasive. This is the case first of all with the "paradoxes of perspectivism": the author establishes a very convincing fashion that the visual metaphor of perspective suggests exactly the opposite of what relativism sees in it; I can understand that the same object is seen by another spectator from a different angle than mine because I can depart from my own perspective, coordinate it with others, and recognize the identical object which relates my perspective to other people's. Professor Hirsch quite rightly concludes that all acts of interpretation necessarily include two perspectives, that of the author and that of the interpreter. (However, he refuses to see that L.G. Gadamer's notion of the "fusion of horizons" proceeds from a precisely similar reflection on double perspectivism.)

The same clear-sightedness shines on the chapter on "Stylistics and Synonymy". The author at first picks his way between two extreme positions, if two different sentences are taken as synonyms, this is not to say that they are substitutable in every context, which would be to reduce

them to an empty tautology; neither is it to say that they do not have any meaning in common, which would be to ignore the independence of the stylistic level with respect to that of the structural analysis of content. Professor Hirsch reckons to escape these two pitfalls by distinguishing the proposition which is the kernel identical to both synonyms from the synonymous phrases themselves. One might think that this indeterminacy of the form with respect to the content furnishes an argument rather in favour of relativism. No, answers Professor Hirsch, for in freeing meaning from the tutelage of form, meaning reveals its identity with the level of the proposition. Thus synonymy becomes an argument in favour of the fundamentally determinable character of meaning. But Professor Hirsch does not tell us how one could transmute to the interpretation of a text the level of the identical proposition, underlying several synonymous sentences, and the sentences themselves.

Be that as it may, these more technical studies are remarkably good. But Professor Hirsch's final study seems or fails to separate meaning from significance, i.e. the descriptive from the normative aspects of interpretation. In a certain sense, the thesis becomes more radical the more it is clarified. Thus, the author now confesses that he gave a narrow definition of the meaning of a text when he identified it with the "author's original meaning": this is the second ambiguity of which I spoke earlier. How far is it resolved in the present book? The logic of the separation of meaning from significance would require that the author's intention be a case of "meaning-for-another", and therefore belong on the side of significance. However, Professor Hirsch does not wish to draw this conclusion; he conceals that the intention of the author is not the only possible norm of interpretation, but

maintains that it is, in the strong sense of the word, the only practical norm. All verbal significance must be constructed; but there is no construction without choice, and no choice without a norm. It is at this point that the original authorial meaning asserts its claim: the most fundamental moral imperative of discourse is to respect the intention of the author.

I understand this answer. But it raises an even more fundamental problem which calls into question the distinction between meaning and significance. I have just said that meaning must be constructed—it is not given in the written signs; further, it is the minimal presupposition of a theory of validation that the meaning be first guessed before being validated. We must therefore admit that the identity of meaning with itself is not given in any intuition of essence, but yielded only by the test of validation. Now, it is precisely in the work of construction that choices occur, and with choice, aims, values, and norms. In other words, questions of choice are an integral part of the construction of meaning. We no longer have to deal with only the two aspects of interpretation—meaning and significance—but with the "three dimensions of hermeneutics" (which is the title of the fifth essay in this book). The third dimension is the ethical choice itself, which, on the one hand, intervenes in the field of description, since there must be a norm in order to realize the meaning of a text, but the book if the enemy to be overcome is relativism and if the latest form of this relativism is found among the French theorists, who are accused of reducing all textual commentary to a mere fiction. It is Professor Hirsch's combative spirit which leads him to subordinate the unstable realm of value to the stable realm of meaning. But has he not himself undermined the stability of this realm by showing that all textual meaning has to be constructed, that all choice involves ethical values?

Part Two, which is devoted to evaluation, confirms the reader's suspicions that the demarcation between meaning and significance cannot be maintained without equivocation. Professor Hirsch is not prepared to say that Northrop Frye, rather than René Wellek, is right in their quarrel over the possibility of separating value and

meaning. On the one hand, the "separatists" are partially correct, in so far as description and evaluation constitute two distinct poles of interpretation. The argument of Professor Hirsch's work is solidly entrenched on this thesis, which is less clear-cut than that of demarcation. It is perfectly legitimate to ask of criticism that it situate its disagreements about the value of a work in relation to the meaning on which it tries to agree.

It is entirely legitimate even to give free rein to conflicts of evaluation as long as one strives elsewhere for a common sense. The argument of the text. But in the concrete work of interpretation the two tasks never cease to become confused, and this means that the "anti-separatists" too are partially correct. This impossibility was foreseeable as much as our knowledge of the meaning is in no way authorized by any intuitive insight into it. Because meaning has to be constructed, value and meaning are necessarily joined. In fact, Professor Hirsch's recourse to the "Analytics of the Beautiful" in Kant's third Critique can only reinforce the thesis of the indissoluble liaison between fact and value, because it is a subjective judgment of values which, in the Kantian theory of "common sense", is taken as communicable, sharable, and in this sense universal. One can understand why Professor Hirsch should insist in his final essay that, once conceded, this "interference" must weaken the basic distinction between meaning and significance. That is the thesis which has to remain as the chief thrust of the book if the enemy to be overcome is relativism and if the latest form of this relativism is found among the French theorists, who are accused of reducing all textual commentary to a mere fiction. It is Professor Hirsch's combative spirit which leads him to subordinate the unstable realm of value to the stable realm of meaning. But has he not himself undermined the stability of this realm by showing that all textual meaning has to be constructed, that all choice involves ethical values?



Albert Rutherfordson's illustration for Christmas Eve by John Drinkwater, published in 1932. It is one of the many exhibits of work by artists of the Curwen Studio, which will be on show at the Tate Gallery until April 11, as mentioned in Commentary last week.

The good old days

By Peter Keating

ROY BUSBY:
British Music Hall: An Illustrated
Who's Who from 1850 to the present
day
191pp. Elek. £12.50.

JOHN M. GARRETT:
Sixty Years of British Music Hall
252pp. Chappell/André Deutsch.
£3.50.

In spite of the much publicized revival of interest in music hall, it is still often difficult to obtain information about stars, halls, composers, and songs, that goes beyond the eye-witness accounts and anecdotes of an illustrated "Who's Who" of British music hall, covering the period from 1850 to the present day, sounds just what is needed: unfortunately Roy Busby's book, attractive and informative as it is, does not quite live up to its comprehensive title.

It contains approximately 500 entries. These range from a few lines on little-known, and often obscure, performers, to full-page essays on the more interesting or famous, with Mr Busby's concentration on stage personalities and careers rather than private lives being particularly welcome. The illustrations are mainly trade photographs which show performers in characteristic poses (Will Fyfe with a bottle, Harry Ferguson looking miserable, Nan Mills and Bobbie being knock-kneed, Eugene Sandow, "The Modern Hercules and Perfect Man" wearing a fig-leaf, and Ronald Frankau looking just as one might expect the singer of "The Jap, the Wop, and the Run to look). Among the more memorable photographs are those of a toothy Marie Lloyd, a statuesque Florrie Forde, and an unexpectedly demure Bessie Bellwood.

There is a great deal to praise in this "Who's Who"—it is the best book of its kind now available, yet it is still not the essential reference book it might have been. Only performers are listed, so it remains necessary to look elsewhere for details of composers, impresarios,

halls, and songs, and too much space is given to comparatively recent stars of the variety stage, radio and television. In one sense it is doubly true that although music hall as an institution belongs to the past its essential spirit survives in a number of modern forms of entertainment, but even allowing this it is difficult to understand why, say, Terence Thomas, Tommy Steele, and the Garrys, Rogers and Starr should be featured so prominently here while a number of genuine music hall performers of an earlier period are not mentioned at all.

John M. Garrett's *Sixty Years of British Music Hall* provides a useful opportunity to check the inclusiveness of the "Who's Who". Mr Garrett prints the words and music of thirty-five songs as performed by twenty-eight different singers, and these eight are not listed in the "Who's Who".

There are, admittedly, no great stars among them, but they include Nelly Power who first popularized "The Boy in the Gallery", G. W. Hunter who was billed as "The Mark Twain of the Halls", and Harry Pleon who surely deserves a place in any social history of the halls as the man who turned Queen Victoria's death into a hit song: "Father's going to change his socks and Auntie have a bath. On the day King Edward gets his crown on."

Considered in its own right *Sixty Years of British Music Hall* is interesting because it is a compilation drawn from the archives of two noted publishers of music hall songs, E. Ascherberg and Co and Hopwood and Crew Ltd, now owned by Chappell. The songs selected by Mr Garrett, including two never before published, are presented as characteristic of an evening's entertainment in the halls, and range from the boisterous "Up in a Balloon" through the sentimental "Dear Old Pals" to a blarney bawdy number by Marie Lloyd, "Buy Me Some Almond Rock". The sheet music covers have been well reproduced and Mr Garrett's brief introduction, based, as he himself observes, on only a "small amount of the precious heritage of the music hall" to be found in the Chappell archives, is merely one hopes, an indication of more substantial things to come.

The Nonsense game

By J. S. Atherton

FRANCIS HUXLEY:
The Raven and the Writing Desk
191pp. Thames and Hudson. £3.95.

DEREK HUDSON:
Lewis Carroll
272pp. Constable. £6.50.

Francis Huxley defines "Nonsense" (with a capital N) as "a logical game played with feeling by at least two people, in a spirit of self-communication, in such a way that one thing leads to another to the constant surprise and mutual amusement of both parties". In his foreword, which is subtitled "A very old explanation", the way in which one thing leads to another is indeed surprising. The capital N leads to capital punishment ("Off with his head!"), to pickpocketing, via Dr Johnson's puns, who "would pick a pocket", to puns in an *Upanishad* and *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, then by way of Lewis Carroll's "coincidence" that was taking a walk with a little accident when he met with a very old explanation to Wittgenstein and Jerry's "Pataphysics".

The quotation from Wittgenstein is from the preface to the *Tractatus* and includes the sentence: "This book's object would be obtained if he proved the point to one who read it with understanding." This seems to be Francis Huxley's object in *The Raven and the Writing Desk* too, with his reader invited to be the other player in his Nonsense game. To enjoy the same of Carroll's works, and a fondness for puns; readers of *Finnegans Wake* accustomed to puns and riddles turning into puns and riddles, or "pedantic" puns and riddles "have a head start, although crossword-puzzle experts might dispute this."

The game of un-discovering the riddle is played with amusing deftness, bringing in many of Carroll's works, referring to many incidents of his life and to numerous writers who have dealt with Carroll in the past. It is surprising that Francis Huxley does not mention Martin Gardner's *The Annotated Alice* which was published in the United States in 1960, in Penguin Books in 1965, and in a revised edition in 1970 which has been reprinted three times. But although their subject seems the same, the two books are quite different: their aims, Huxley explains, are different. Huxley is composing fantasies on the Carrollian themes, beginning where Gardner leaves off.

Both writers give explanations of the Mad Hatter's riddle: "Why does a raven have a writing desk?" Gardner concludes: "A raven is a bird. A bird has a desk. A raven has a desk." Huxley writes: "A. Cyril Pearson suggested 'Because it slopes with a flap', which is as it may be; and E. V. Rieu used the ancient backslider, 'Because Both begins with B'. He then accepts Rieu's answer as correct in logic but declares it to be wrong in grammar, providing a grammatically impeccable emendation: 'Because Each begins with an E', for which he says he is 'indebted to James Michie', without explaining how the debt was incurred. Presumably Mr Michie has been one of his opponents in private bouts at the game which Mr Huxley now intriguingly has open to all comers."

He is an ingenious and entertaining exponent, carrying his game onwards from solutions to the riddle through unexpected turns such as an extract from another *Upanishad*: "If you do not explain that to me your head will fall off. Sakeley did not know that the onion's head fell off. Indeed robbers took away his bones, thinking they were something else—a critique of nonsense, perhaps." After which we are warned not to discuss one or almost the whole range of Carroll's word-games—"Doublets", "Syllables" and so on—and works such as *Curiosa Mathematica*, *The*

Dynamics of a Participle, and *The Hunting of the Snark*. Many starting points are suggested, some of which are more numerous, some of which are here published for the first time. The text is full, accurate and readable, although I would have welcomed more information about the usually neglected journey to Russia, by Dodgson himself, some of which are here published for the first time. The text is full, accurate and readable, although I would have welcomed more information about the usually neglected journey to Russia, by Dodgson himself, some of which are here published for the first time.

The illustrations have been chosen with care and reproduced splendidly. The most beautiful is a reproduction of Carroll's photograph of Alice Liddell as a beggar maid—the one which charmed Tennison, and is mentioned on page 270 of *Finnegans Wake* ("Liddell lokker through the leafy..."). The trouble taken to reproduce the original print from the Morris L. Parrish Collection, Princeton, instead of the usual blurred copy in the copy in Collingwood's *Life* has been well repaid. Other illustrations are from Carroll's own drawings, including his manuscript *Alice's Adventures Underground* and even some doodles by Dean Liddell.

But the most surprising is a plate from Johannes Melsenheimer's *Gesichte und Geschehete* of five male genital organs including those of a boar, a "Tragelaphus" (which, according to Lewis and Short, is "a kind of stag with a beard like a goat") and a "Poephagus" (which the OED identifies as a kangaroo). The function of this plate, which needs to be compared to Tenniel's sketch of the "Jabberwocky", is to show that, as Huxley says, the pig's "slender copulatory organ" is a left-hand twist at its pointed end and has the appearance of a cork-screw on account of the spiral having almost one and a half turns". As Huxley says, "something like cork-screws" and "a rath is a sort of green pig", it does not take him many turns to elucidate the beginning of "Jabberwocky"—not that I suppose he believes his explanation. Francis Huxley writes pleasantly, in a style which reminded me of Ronald Knox in his lighter vein in such books as *Let Dons Delight*.

Derek Hudson's *Lewis Carroll* is a very different book, being a biography giving a full account of the life and works beginning with *The Times* obituary of "the Rev Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, better known as Lewis Carroll" and ending with a full and useful foundation for the detailed biography that follows.

It was first published in 1954 and now appears with a revised bibliography, several amendments and additions and a great many extra photographs and illustrations of all the various illustrations of *Alice* books, including Will Pogany, Arthur Rackham, Morvyn Penke and, of course, the original illustrations by Tenniel that most people

agree seem to be the only ones that fit. There is also a generous supply of contemporary photographs, many of which are more numerous, some of which are here published for the first time. The text is full, accurate and readable, although I would have welcomed more information about the usually neglected journey to Russia, by Dodgson himself, some of which are here published for the first time. The text is full, accurate and readable, although I would have welcomed more information about the usually neglected journey to Russia, by Dodgson himself, some of which are here published for the first time.

At the hotel was a green parrot on a stand; we addressed it as "Pretty Polly", & it put its head on one side and thought about it, but wouldn't commit itself to any statement. The waiter came up to inform us of the reason of its silence—"Er spricht nicht Englisch; er spricht nicht Deutsch." It appeared that the unfortunate bird could speak nothing but Mexican! Not knowing a word of that language we could only pity it.

The incongruity of the encounter has intrigued me since I first read of it many years ago.

Mr Hudson dwells with praise on the thoroughness on the first telling of the *Alice* story, which he justifies as "one of the most famous pieces of story telling in the history of the world". I have a special interest in this as I was the writer of the letter in *The Observer* of February 19, 1950, pointing out that, according to the records of the Meteorological Office, the weather at Oxford for the afternoon of July 4, 1862, was "cool and breezy", quite the contrary of the golden afternoon with "the cloudless summer sky" that everyone concerned remembered. There seemed to be a feeling at the time that I should be ashamed of myself for bringing a slovenly unhandsome fact to spoil a pretty story; but Derek Hudson examines all the evidence and establishes that *Alice* really was told first at that date and place. That all the participants should have remembered it as a flawless summer day only goes to show what a truly magical story-teller Carroll must have been. Of course, the descriptions of the weather were given many years after the event and it is a little time for memories to become confused. For this, and all other aspects of Carroll's life, Mr Hudson gives a reliable and pleasantly readable account.

There is one negative feature, shared by both books reviewed here, of which I thoroughly disapprove: both ignore the various fraudulent imitations of Carroll's works. A positive merit is the elegance of production which is a credit to the publishers of both books.

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From the umpire's chair

By Paul Ignotus

ISTVÁN BIBÓ:

The Paralysis of International Institutions and the Remedies
152pp. Hassocks, Brighton: Harvester, £7.95.

The Hungarian international jurist, István Bibó, now in his middle sixties, has more than twice taken great risks in the service of causes which, one would think, might be taken up without the slightest risk. He has never urged a last-ditch stand for anything, never encouraged belief in any extreme solution, never advocated violence. He has always sought the path of conciliation, the field of practical wisdom, where opposing trends might meet. His anxiety to pacify the ideological belligerents, however, has seemed on some occasions more provocative than salutary. He has paid a high price more than once, but bitter experience has not deterred him from constantly striving to advocate moderation. He is the Don Quixote of common sense.

His first memorable appearance on the public platform dates back to 1945, when the existence of a democratic coalition government in Hungary, however imperfect and shaky, could still be seen as reality. Bibó, convinced that its permanence corresponded to the interests of both the Soviet Union and the Western democracies as well as to that of the Hungarian people, published an essay setting forth why democracy in his country was in a "crisis". Meanwhile, he spelt out the methods to be adopted by the participating coalition partners, notably the Smallholders, with their overall majority, and the Communists, with the occupying Soviet forces in the background — so as to mould the coalition into a more solid reality. But fully fledged Stalinism was approaching, and the idea of a coalition became anathema. Before Hungarian scholarship retreated altogether into the Dark Ages, however, Bibó succeeded in publishing an essay on Hungary's relations with her fellow Danubian nations, and one on the Jewish question in Hungary — the two most sensitive spots in Hungarian society, both of which he tackled in a spirit of unemotional truthfulness, but in the involved syntax of jurisprudence, which fortunately cushioned much of what he had to say. His ponderous style thus worked to his advantage.

During the very darkest years he was silenced and assigned to unimportant posts in the provinces, although his links with Populist writers, for whom Hungarian Stalinists still had a soft spot, saved him from imprisonment at this time. In October, 1955, the revolutionaries were pushed him into the foreground; by the beginning of November he found himself a minister of state in the democratic coalition government of Imre Nagy. The removal of the Hungarian Government by Soviet arms in the small hours of November 4 brought him the finest and saddest hour of his career. He wrote and distributed first a leaflet, then memoranda to international authorities. Again, Bibó was looking for a compromise between the yearning of the Hungarian people for independence and the strategic interests of the Soviet Union. A few months later he was arrested by the Soviet-imposed authorities and sentenced to life imprisonment. He was released under the amnesty of 1963.

After a gap of more than ten years, he now comes forward again with a major work, this time on world problems, and containing an appeal to world opinion. We learn from Bernard Crick's highly elucidating introduction to *The Paralysis of International Institutions and the Remedies* that Bibó authorized a British publisher to bring out an English edition even though, to date, no Hungarian edition has appeared. His courage is clearly unbroken, and so is his belief in commonsense compromise, in peaceful solutions on moral as well as practical grounds. He rejects uncompromising idealist attitudes but is convinced that a policy devoid of idealist motives is simply unworkable. "Self-interest and military power cannot manage without moral and idealistic justifications," he writes, "nor can deals and intrusions function without the support of self-interest and power."

hoping in the understanding of those who wield world power today. They should recognize that the arrangements arrived at in settling vital international issues are far from providing a reliable foundation for world peace and progress. The alternative of a World State is simply not out; but, Bibó urges, existing institutions may usefully be applied in "the creation of new and exceptional institutions of impartial political arbitration". Apart from a sound and honest application of the principle of self-determination, the remedy for "the present incapacity of the international community" would, in his view, be the establishment of an international political tribunal.

What impresses me most in Dr Bibó's trend of thought is his unflinching insistence on the 1942-43 Grand Alliance revived so as to carry on with the fight against the savage and retrograde forces then personified in Adolf Hitler. To base a programme of action on this wish would, of course, be naive, but the state of mind it should be taken into account; it is one shared by many of us who for so long sought a third road, those who cannot help feeling that the Second World War has never properly been concluded, mainly because the while partners in the anti-fascist camp started manoeuvring one against the other and nourishing, for tactical reasons, the rear-guard of fascist world power before accomplishing what, for all their ideological differences, they could have accomplished together. The results of the global dissemination of methods which, if not stemmed in time, threaten to turn our whole planet into an Auschwitz. István Bibó refuses to believe that any of the leaders of the "Major Powers" could ever be reconciled to such a prospect. In his terms, the poles of "individualism-liberalism" and of "socialism-communism" are, however distant, the poles of one and the same globe, the one that can so easily be turned into an ash-heap by nuclear wars, made unfit to live in by the rage of Hitler-Amin type chieftains. Dr Bibó is clearly aware of such threats and, underlying his juridical analyses, one feels the emotion of a manifesto of humane humanism.

But, more important, what are Dr Bibó's chances of practical success with his proposals? On this point, I am afraid, I dare not be as optimistic as I should like to be. In the West, which primarily means the audience accessible in English, the main trouble is one of style. Professor Crick may, in some sense, be seen as the sponsor of the Bibó plan, seems to voice his own worries on the matter when he writes:

István Bibó's scholarship comes

out of a juridical tradition of writing about politics (which has set the translators some problems), very different from the empirically oriented Anglo-American tradition or the philosophical and ideological tradition in Germany and Russia. This is absolutely true. Every nation has its own way of being nebulous, and the Hungarians have inherited their brand from the famous dog-Latin of Hungarian nobles of past centuries. Bibó owes much to that legalistic tradition which he way went to use, as were other clear-sighted Hungarians, to present unpalatable (or all-too-palatable) bits of truth, drawing upon an elusive and dignified vocabulary. In his own country, familiarly with the subject-matter helped his readers to overcome the hurdles of lengthy circumlocutions and enigmatic formulas; but the Western reader, and especially the "empirically oriented" one, will hardly feel comparable excitement when faced with the flood of Bibó's most undramatic sentences.

Dr Bibó goes out of his way to adopt and maintain a neutralist, not to say fifty-fifty, language whenever he refers to the two ideological poles as he sees them, and to the American and the Soviet centres of power which by and large correspond to them. Yet, no one outside a fool's paradise could imagine that the response from the two poles will be equally fifty-fifty. "Objectivism" is no crime, or not necessarily one in Euro-America; it is only as far as the dirty word, under communism. Under Stalin in particular the very fact that somebody professed to sit in the umpire's chair between the communist world and "capitalism" was treated as the vilest possible crime against the working classes. Much has changed since then, no doubt, and I should like to think that Hungarian rulers will prove sufficiently liberated from Stalinist obsessions to accept these well-timed notions of a Hungarian scholar of unquestionably high moral and intellectual standards. But more than tolerance can hardly be expected from the ideological spokesmen in Hungary, or their often mention states, the Moscow or Peking-based power blocs.

Finally, there are countries pigeon-holed now as "non-aligned", now as "developing". If they were the real McCoy, theirs would indeed be a fertile soil for ideas such as István Bibó's; but they are more "aligned" in endorsing the violation of human rights and encouraging armed aggression than some even of the committed Marxists or of the constantly pilloried whites. *Pace* István Bibó, common sense is simply not on.

Northern frontiersmen

By Ragnhild Hatton

FRANKLIN D. SCOTT:
Scandinavia
330pp. Harvard University Press, £9.

Nothing could be more striking, when comparing the original version of this book in the American Foreign Policy Library of 1950 with the revised, enlarged edition, than the rapid growth of books published in England and the United States on the Scandinavian countries, singly or as a unit, in the quarter of a century which has elapsed between the two editions. In 1950 books in English dealing with part or all of the Scandinavian peninsula were, in the main, translations of works published in the 1930s in the northern countries. Now, as Franklin D. Scott's excellent bibliography testifies, books written in the 1960s and early 1970s by English and American scholars, built on their own researches and incorporating recent results achieved by fellow scholars in Scandinavia, predominate over the whole range of archaeological, geographical, political and economic history, the history of literature, the history of art, and history, focused on sociological aspects of past and present. The very richness of this new harvest, increased by translations of the works of Scandinavian experts on specific topics areas made a radical revision desirable.

Moreover, though the purpose of the Foreign Policy Library of the

Harvard University Press, organised after the Second World War — "to produce broad, interpretative volumes on the nations and regions that loomed largest in American foreign policy" — has not changed, there has undeniably been a change of emphasis in the area under discussion. Scandinavia, at least at the time of Professor Scott's rewriting, has become less important to the United States in day-to-day politics than other areas of the world. The author has therefore seen his task as interpretative in a different sense; on the one hand, concerned with how the individual Scandinavian countries have reacted to the post-Second World War period; and on the other, with the extent to which these small countries of the north, "no longer wasting their resources in the struggle for power", can be said to have moved to the "frontiers of a new society".

This is a formidable task in a book of this size. Professor Scott is, in a variety of ways, well qualified to take it on. Encouraged as a young man by the late Sir Charles Webster to embark on an investigation of the relations between Bernadotte and Napoleon (encouragement which led to the publication of his *Bernadotte and the Fall of Napoleon* in 1935), he is now emeritus professor at North-Western University and curator of the Nordic Collection in the London Library of the Claremont Colleges. He has kept in close touch with Scandinavian colleagues and has, supported by various foundations, paid some fifteen visits to Scandinavia in the period between

Undercover story

By David Hunt

CONSTANTINE FITZGIBBON:
Secret Intelligence in the Twentieth Century
350pp. Har-Davis, MacGibbon, £6.95.

The appetite of the British public for books on intelligence remains insatiable, although the vast majority are bad. Constantine FitzGibbon is a good writer with many successes in other genres, including fiction. Since I shall have many critical things to say, it is only fair to remark at the outset that he has sensible ideas about the nature and aims of intelligence, military and political. He also evaluates justly its methods: signal interception, captured documents, prisoners of war and, in a low place, espionage. *Secret Intelligence in the Twentieth Century* is not, however, as well written as could be expected from his earlier works. He gives the perhaps unfair impression of having produced it hastily in an attempt to keep up with the Winterbothams, Stevensons and Cave Browns. He has certainly done much better than all three; but this is not much commendation.

The first part of the book deals with Europe before and during the First World War, with special emphasis on British Naval Intelligence, the famous Room 40. The account is straightforward and brisk. Throughout, the reader with an ordinary knowledge of the history of these years is nagged by careless mistakes. The first is on an early page: when describing the dispatch of the Panther to Agadir in 1911, Mr FitzGibbon claims, absurdly, that the Kaiser himself was on board that tiny gunboat. He is thinking, I suppose, of the Tangier visit six years earlier. He also misdates the British declaration of war on Turkey by four months. He has odd ideas about Hungary between the wars. "A Bolshevik takeover in Hungary was crushed with some Austrian support as the Austro-Hungarian Empire ceased to exist"; it was crushed ten months after that date, and when Romania supported it, thinks the German *Freikorps* fought against the Hungarians; why should they? and how could they since they had no common frontier? Denmark, he says, was given Schleswig-Volstein; it was only a part of Schleswig. Now, these errors matter much, but they give an impression of sloppiness and make an unfavourable introduction to what he evidently regards as the main part of his book.

His erudition and his command of the material is therefore not in question. Yet, in his switch from the original framework of the series, it would seem as if the author has been tempted to adopt the present "official" political stance of the northern countries: his chapter "Scandinavian-American Cross-currents" is largely devoted to non-political issues, the "Diplomatic Relations" section being confined to three and a half pages. This is to some extent balanced by the chapter "The Search for Security", which surveys Scandinavian foreign policy issues in Europe from 1814 to the present day. That Professor Scott is not intentionally misleading is shown by his realistic assessment of "Norwegian-Russian problems if all finds north of 62° are exploited, and in his candid prognosis for the projected trans-formation-communication network which would make Denmark part of the Scandinavian peninsula. The layout of his book has, however, meant that he has had to adopt a tight, journalistic style to provide an overview of what Scandinavia is today, with minor reference to historical determinants for the present situation, and no attention to the cultural heritage or to the intellectual life of Scandinavia in the past or today, subjects that still await historical treatment in English. There are, however, some lapses which reinforce the impression of journalism rather than history; but all in all, Professor Scott is to be congratulated on having brought so much correct factual information within so modest a scope.

His main interest is engaged, and his personal experience assists him, in the story of Intelligence in the Second World War and in the Cold War. Here he is fortunate in writing in what I can call the post-Ultra period which dates from the disclosure, in F. W. Winterbotham's *The Ultra Secret*, of the fact that British intelligence could decipher German high-grade cipher traffic. He was himself indoctrinated into the secret and shows some well-justified indignation at its breach. One advantage is that he is able to give the first plausible explanation to appear in print of what at first sight looks like the greatest espionage triumph of the war. He believes that "the Lucy Ring" in Switzerland under Rudolf Rössler was passing on to the Russians the product of British decipherment of German traffic intercepting the Eastern front, this indirect method being chosen because Russian intelligence did not believe what we told them direct. I have long favoured this theory, though I admit that when reviewing *The Lucy Ring* by Pierre Accece and Pierre Quer (T.L.S. July 21, 1966), I was careful to throw no doubt on the cover story reproduced by them.

He has new hypotheses, neither of them plausible, about two famous stories of the war: "Cicero" and "the man who never was". Cicero was the valet of the British ambassador in Ankara who copied secret documents while his master played the piano. The accepted form of the story is that he sold to the Germans the plans and the order of battle for Overlord. This line has been asserted by Malcolm Muggeridge and Geoffrey McIlormort, who might be supposed to know since the former served in Intelligence and the latter in the Ankara embassy during the war. It is certainly false, for two reasons. Cicero, not a modest man, never made any such claims and there is no possibility of the plans ever having been sent to Ankara. What Cicero did was to photograph the extracts from the minutes of the inter-Allied conference in Tübingen that referred to Turkey (which were sent to Ankara) and to guess the meaning of the code-word "Overlord" which occurred in them. Mr FitzGibbon rightly rejects the story, but for the wrong reasons: he thinks Cicero was a double agent. The arguments he uses can be refuted from Cicero's own book, which he does not seem to have read. For example, to show that Cicero was a reliable agent of the British, he asserts that he was valet to Sir Florence Kumbold from 1919 to 1923; Cicero was only fourteen in 1919 and spent those years on the loose in Istanbul and in prison in France.

"Mincemot", the documents planted on a corpse washed up in Spain, was part of the cover-story for "Lusky", the invasion of Sicily. The purpose was to divert German attention to Sardinia and Greece. Mr FitzGibbon calls it "a flop". He cannot deny that the Germans did reinforce both places but he argues that they would have reinforced Greece anyway. He thinks that the Allies should have invaded the Balkans rather than Italy, but refrained for political reasons although Churchill favoured the plan. He is wrong about Churchill and he will find the real reasons for rejecting a Balkan campaign, strictly military ones, in Alexander's dispatch. He is also wrong about the Italian campaign. It was the British who tied down superior German forces there, not the other way round. For once this is easy to prove; it is a simple matter of figures which have been put on record several times, in particular in G. A. Shepherd's *The Italian Campaign* and General Jackson's *The Battle for Italy*.

The story of the SS Ankara always struck me as one of the best Ultra stories of the war, perhaps because I followed her movements from a desert headquarters with passionate interest. She was very fast, with strengthened decks for handling heavy loads and brought tanks to Africa to re-supply Rommel. Every time she sailed, the Navy and RAF made a full-scale effort to sink her. Mr FitzGibbon says she was wildly wrong. He thinks the plan was always to allow her to arrive at Benghazi or Tripoli and disembark the cargo of tanks on the quay and then to "destroy them by the bombs of the RAF". No such bombing attacks were made; we wanted her at the bottom of the Mediterranean and I well remember the almost superstitious thrill with which I learned that that was where she had, at last arrived on Christmas Eve, 1942.

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